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GRANDFATHER'S STORIES

JAMES J. MONNET

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Madame Whitney's Housekeeping.

HISTORICAL SERIES—BOOK I

GRANDFATHER'S STORIES



COMPILED AND ARRANGED

BY JAMES JOHONNOT



NEW YORK ··· CINCINNATI ··· CHICAGO
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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A. 4.

TO THE CHILDREN.



THIS new book is full of stories, and I think you will like them. If you find a hard word that you do not quite understand, ask your teacher or some friend what it means, and in a short time you will be able to read all the stories here given. You will enjoy them all the more because you will have to study and work to find out what they mean. The first stories you will read tell of things that never happened, but are made up to teach something. They are called Fables. After reading them, see if you can tell what they teach.

Then come stories from fairy-land, which are very amusing. Of course, the animals and birds never spoke as the stories tell of them, but every one likes to read them, they are so pleasant and strange. The next stories tell of giants and pyg-

mies, and other wonderful things. They are called Myths. People in the old, old time believed these stories, but we now know they are not true.

Then, again, there are stories like that of our old friend Dick Whittington, in part true, but which are so old that we do not know exactly how much of them to believe. They are called Legends, and are the special delight of children. But best of all are the true stories, telling of things that really happened. Many of these stories are as wonderful and strange as the myths and stories from fairy-land. When we read them it is like finding new friends, and you never need grow lonesome when you know so many real people in books.

GRANDFATHER.

CONTENTS.

FABLES.

	PAGE
I. The Wolf and the Kid.....	7
II. The Fox and the Stork.....	9
III. The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse.....	11
IV. The Vain Jackdaw.....	14
V. Spot and her Friends.....	15

STORIES OF FAIRY-LAND.

VI. The Musicians of Bremen ..	20
VII. King Wren.....	24

MYTHS.

VIII. The Pygmies.....	29
IX. The Golden Touch.....	38

LEGENDS.

X. King Henry and the Miller.....	45
XI. Dick Whittington and his Cat.....	54
XII. King Alfred and the Cakes.....	59
XIII. Knighting of the Beef.....	62

HOME STORIES.

XIV. Madame Whitney's Housekeeping.....	64
XV. The Boston Boys.....	69

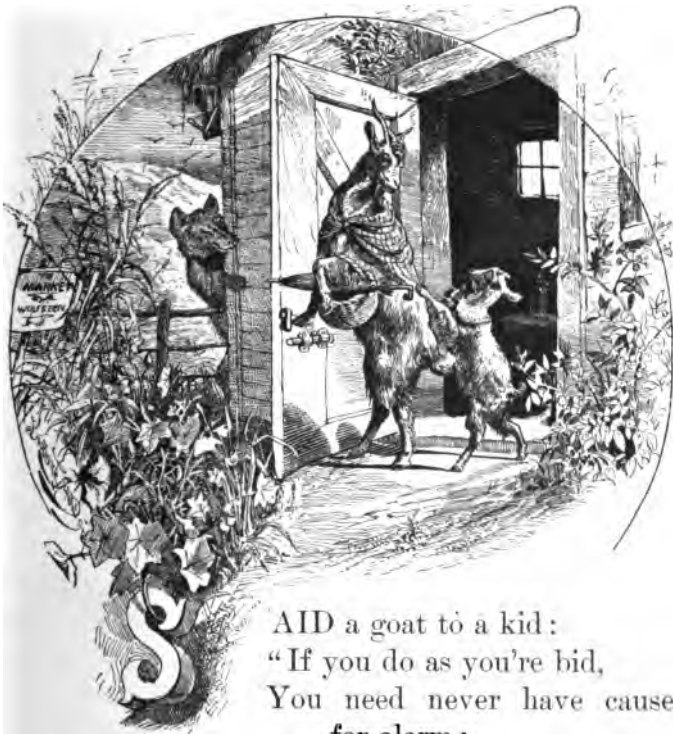
	PAGE
XVI. Washington and the Horse	71
XVII. Our Grandmothers at School.....	74
XVIII. The Boston Tea-Party.....	81
XIX. The Young Blacksmith	85
XX. Rebecca the Drummer.....	88
XXI. Daniel Webster as a Boy.....	97

FOREIGN STORIES.

XXII. A Story of Cervantes.....	100
XXIII. The Boy who took a Boarder.....	103
XXIV. Columbus at the Convent....	109
XXV. The Angel of the Camp.....	112
XXVI. A Night in the Snow	117
XXVII. An Old Veteran.....	122
XXVIII. A Snow King.....	126

FABLES.

1.—THE WOLF AND THE KID.



AID a goat to a kid:
 "If you do as you're bid,
 You need never have cause
 for alarm;
 But if you neglect,
 And my counsel reject,
 You surely will come to some harm.

2. "To market I go,
So mind what you do :
If any one knock at the door,
Don't pull up the latch,
Lest mischief you catch,
But look out of the window before."

3. A wolf, which had stood
At the edge of the wood,
Now hastened to knock at the door ;
And said with voice thick,
"The door open quick,
Let me into the kitchen once more."

4. The kid thought, of course,
That its mother was hoarse,
And its hand on the door-latch it laid ;
When the mother's advice
Came back in a trice,
And it peeped through the window instead.

5. The wolf stood without,
Thinking kid would come out,
When a hunter came by with a dog ;
He set off on a run,
But a shot from the gun
Stretched him dead by the side of a log.

6. The kid made all snug,
And laid down on a rug,
And nibbled some grass from the farm ;
And the goat coming back,
Found the wolf's recent track,
But the little one safe from all harm.

7. Now, boys, and girls too,
Mind what you do :
Copy kid when curled up on the floor ;
Mamma's counsel alway
Do your best to obey,
And no wolf will come in at the door.

II.—THE FOX AND THE STORK.

1. The fox once invited the stork in a friendly way to dinner. "Neighbor," said he, "I've had a stroke of luck lately, and the pottage shall be the better for it." The stork accepted, and went in good time, but when the dinner came to the table it proved to be soups and sauces of various kinds, served up in broad, shallow dishes. The poor stork could only dip in the very end of her bill, and could in no way satisfy her hunger.

2. The fox lapped the food up very readily with his tongue, and every now and then asked his guest how she liked the dinner, hoped that everything was seasoned to her



taste, and declared that he was very sorry to see her eat so little. The stork, seeing the joke, took no notice of it, but pretended to like every dish very much, and at parting urged the fox so earnestly to return her visit that he could not refuse.

3. The day arrived, and so did the fox. "My dear stork," said he, "I have brought an excellent appetite, and I can tell, from the steam of your kitchen, that you have a fine dinner." But to his great disgust, when dinner appeared, he found it consisted



of minced goose, served up in long-necked glasses. The stork thrust in her slender bill and helped herself plentifully, then, turning to Reynard, who was eagerly licking the outside of a dish, where some sauce had been spilled, "I am very glad," said she, smiling, "that you seem to have so good an appetite. I hope you will make as hearty a dinner at my table as I did the other day at yours." Reynard hung his head, and looked very much displeased. "Nay, nay," said the stork, "do not lose your temper; they that can not take a jest should never make one."

III.—THE TOWN MOUSE AND THE COUNTRY MOUSE.

1. A country mouse, a plain, sensible sort of fellow, was once visited by a former friend of his, who lived in a neighboring city. The country mouse put before his friend some fine peas, some choice bacon, and a bit of rare cheese, and called upon him to eat heartily of the good food.

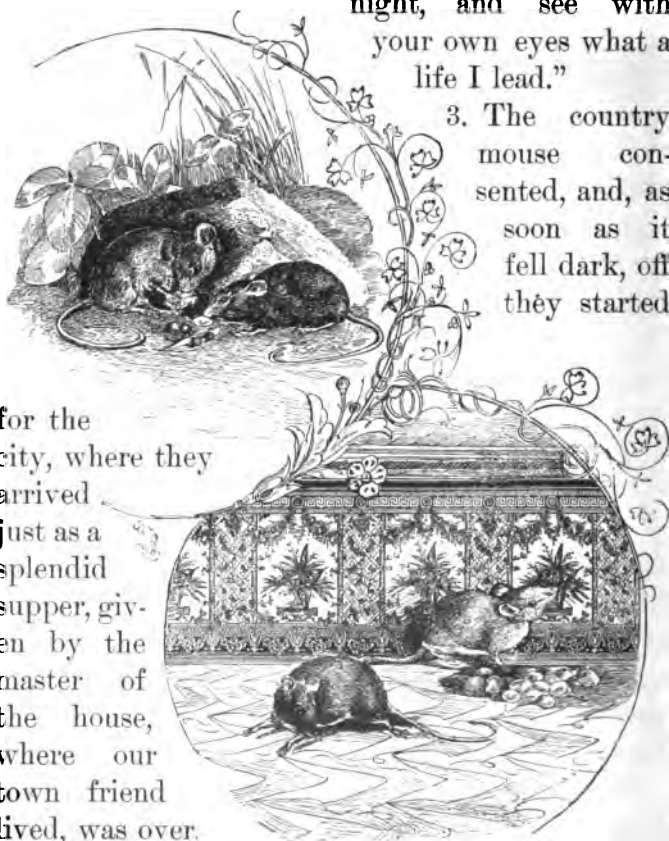
2. The city mouse nibbled a little here and there in a dainty manner, wondering at the

pleasure his host took in such coarse fare. In their after-dinner chat the town mouse said to the country mouse, "Come now with me, this very night, and see with

your own eyes what a life I lead."

3. The country mouse consented, and, as soon as it fell dark, off they started

for the city, where they arrived just as a splendid supper, given by the master of the house, where our town friend lived, was over.



4. The city mouse soon got together a heap of dainties on a corner of the handsome Turkey carpet.

5. The country mouse, who had never even heard the names of half the meats set before him, was thinking where he should begin, when the room-door creaked, opened, and in entered a servant with a light.

6. The companions ran off, but, everything soon being quiet again, they returned to their feast, when once more the door opened, and the son of the master of the house came in with a great bounce, followed by his little terrier, who ran sniffing to the very spot where our friends had just been.

7. The city mouse was by that time safe in his hole—which, by-the-way, he had not been thoughtful enough to show to his friend, who could not find a better shelter than a sofa, behind which he waited in fear and trembling till it was quiet again.

8. The city mouse then called upon him to resume his supper, but the country mouse said: “No, no; I shall be off as fast as I can. I would rather have a crust, with peace and quietness, than all your fine things in the midst of such alarms and frights as these.”



IV.—THE VAIN JACKDAW.

FINE feathers, Jack thought, make fine fowls ;
I'll be envied of bats and of owls.

But the peacock's proud eyes
Saw through the disguise,
And Jack flew the assembly of fowls.

V.—SPOT AND HER FRIENDS.

1. To the yard by the barn came the farmer one morn,
 And, calling the cattle, he said :
 While they trembled with fright, “Now which
 of you last night
 Shut the barn-door while I was abed ?”
 Each one of them all shook his head.



2. Now the little calf, Spot,
 she was down in the
 lot ;
 And the way the rest
 talked was a shame !

For no one, night before, saw her shut up the
 door ;



But they said that she did, all the same—
For they always made her take the blame.

3. Said the horse (dapple gray), "I was not up
that way
Last night, as I now recollect";
And the bull, passing by, tossed his horns
very high,
And said, "Let who may here object,
I say, 'tis that calf I suspect."
4. Then out spoke the cow, "It is terrible now
To accuse honest folks of such tricks!"
Said the cock in the tree, "I'm sure 'twasn't
me";
And the sheep all cried, "Baa!" (there were
six),
"Now that calf's got herself in a fix!"
5. "Why, of course we all knew 'twas the wrong
thing to do,"
Said the chickens. "Of course," said the
cat.
"I suppose," cried the mule, "some folks think
me a fool,
But I'm not quite so simple as that;
The poor calf never knows what she's at."

6. Just that moment the calf, who was always the laugh

And the jest of the yard, came in sight.

“Did you shut the barn-door?” asked the farmer once more.

“I did, sir; I closed it last night!”

Said the calf, “and I thought that was right.”

7. Then each one shook his head, “She will catch it,” they said;

“Serves her right for her meddling way!”

Said the farmer: “Come here, little bossy, my dear;

You have done what I can not repay,

And your fortune is made from to-day.

8. “For a wonder, last night I forgot the door quite;

And, if you had not shut it so neat,

All my colts had slipped in, and gone right to the bin,

And got what they ought not to eat;

They'd have foundered themselves upon wheat.”

9. Then each hoof of them all began loudly to bawl;

The very mule smiled, the cock crew.

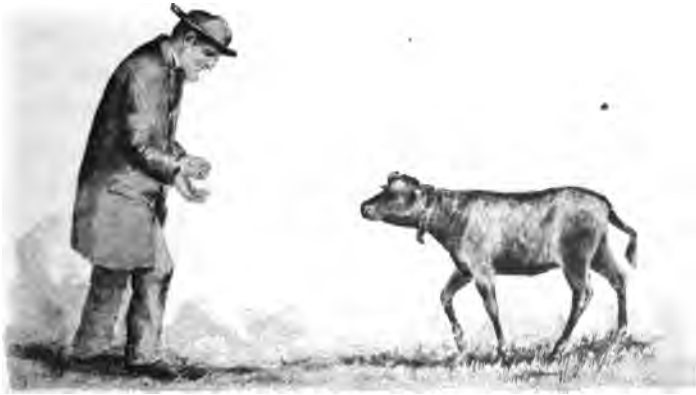
"Little Spotty, my dear, you're a favorite here,"

They cried; "we all said it was you—

We were so glad to give you your due!"

And the calf answered, knowingly, "Boo!"

Phæbe Cary.



STORIES OF FAIRY-LAND.

VI.—THE MUSICIANS OF BREMEN.



1. A certain man had a donkey that had become so old as to be unfit for work ; so his master said he must take off its skin. The donkey heard this, and ran away toward Bremen, where, he thought, he would become town musician. When he had run some way, he found a hound lying by the road-side.

2. "What is the matter?" said the donkey, "Ah!" replied the hound, "I am growing older and weaker every day. My master has turned me out, and I do not know how to earn my bread."

3. "Well," said the donkey, "I am going to Bremen to become town musician; come with me, and play the drum!" The dog agreed, and off they went.

4. Soon they came to a cat, with a very long face, sitting in the path. "Now, old shaver," said the donkey, what is the trouble with you?" "I am getting old, and my teeth are worn short," replied the cat, "and my mistress this morning tried to drown me, and I ran away. Now I am here, but do not know where to go."

5. "Go with us to Bremen," said the donkey, "You can make night-music." So the three went on together. They soon came to a farm-yard, where they heard a rooster crowing with all his might.

6. "Come, old red-comb," said the donkey, "what makes you crow so loud?" "The cook is to cut off my head, so as to make soup of me to-morrow," said the rooster. "You have a good voice, go with us to Bremen," said the donkey.

7. The rooster agreed, and all four went on

together. They could not, however, reach Bremen in one day, and they turned into the forest to pass the night.

8. The donkey and dog lay down under a large tree ; the cat and the rooster climbed up into the branches, the latter the higher, where he was most safe. Before he went to sleep he looked round and saw a light at a distance. So he called his companions and they all went off together.

9. They found the light came from the cottage of a robber. The donkey went to the window and peeped in. "What do you see, old gray-horse?" asked the rooster. "A table laid out with food and drink," said the donkey. Then the friends laid a plan to drive the robbers away.

10. The donkey placed his feet upon the window-ledge, the hound got on his back, the cat climbed upon the hound, and the rooster flew up and perched upon the head of the cat. Then the music began: the donkey brayed, the hound barked, the cat mewed, and the rooster crew ; and they made such a noise that the robbers fled as though Old Nick was after them.

11. The friends sat down to the table, and soon they cleared it. Then the donkey lay down upon some straw, the hound curled up behind the door,

the cat stretched out on the hearth, and the rooster flew up to a high beam.

12. After a while one of the robbers went back to see what was the matter. He went into the kitchen to strike a light, and he mistook the cat's eyes for live coals. The cat flew at his face, spitting and scratching, so he turned and made for the back door. But the hound bit his leg, and the donkey gave him a powerful kick. Then the rooster clapped its wings and cried, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"

13. Then the robber ran back and said to his captain: "O my master, there is a dreadful witch in the house, who spat on me, and scratched my face with her long nails; then before the door stood a man with a knife, who chopped at my leg; and in the yard there lies a black monster, who beat me with a great club; and upon the roof sits a judge, who called out, 'Bring the knave up, do!'"

14. After this the robbers dared not go near the house again, and the town musicians of Bremen had a good home all their lives.



VII.—*KING WREN.*

1. A long time ago the birds decided that they must have a king, and would choose one among themselves.



2. All agreed to the plan but the plover. "Free I have lived and free will I die!" he said,

and so flew angrily away, crying, "Where shall I rest? where shall I rest?" He flew on until he came to a distant swamp, and there he stayed away from his brother birds.

3. The other birds began to carry out their plan, and one fine May morning they all met in a grove on the banks of a beautiful lake.

4. There were eagles and finches, the owls and the crows, the larks and the sparrows. I can not name them all, but even the cuckoo came, and also a very small bird, who as yet had no name.

5. The hen, who had heard nothing of the affair, wondered at the immense crowd. "Wat, wat, wat is all this?" she cackled, but the rooster comforted her by telling her what it all meant.

6. It was decided that he should be king who could fly the highest, and thereupon a green frog who sat in the bushes began to croak, "Natt, natt, natt, natt," because he thought there would be many tears shed. But the crow cried out: "Back, croaker! Everything must be quiet."

7. It was next decided that the trial should be made at once, because it was such a fine morning, and then no one could say, "I could easily have flown much higher, only that night came on and prevented me."

8. At a given signal, all the birds mounted in the air; and as they sailed away, it looked as if a big black cloud was forming.

9. The small birds soon fell back, for they could not fly far, so they alighted on the ground again.

10. The larger birds kept it up longer, but none of them like the eagle, who soared so high that he almost touched the sun. Then he saw that he was far above the others, and he said to himself: "Why need I fly any higher? I am certainly the king." So saying, he began to fly downward.

11. When he alighted, the birds all cried: "You must be our king! Nobody has flown higher than you."

12. "Except me," cried the little bird without a name, who had hid himself among the feathers on the eagle's back. "When the eagle was at his greatest height, I flew still higher. I am king! I am king!"

13. "You our king?" said the other birds in a rage. "We shall not allow your cunning to win."

14. They then made the condition that he should be king who should fall deepest into the earth.

15. How the goose swam cackling to land with her broad breast! How quickly the rooster grubbed a hole!

16. The duck went boldest to work, for she jumped into a ditch, but in so doing sprained her foot, and waddled away to the nearest pond, crying, "Bad work, bad work!"

17. But the little bird without a name found a mouse-hole, into which he crept, and called out in his piping voice, "I am king! I am king!"

18. "You our king?" cried the other birds, fiercely; "do you think your trickery shall gain for anything?" They then resolved to keep the poor bird in the hole and starve him.

19. The owl was set to keep guard during the night, and forbidden to let out the prisoner on pain of death.

20. The other birds, who were weary with so much flying, went home to their nests with their wives and children, leaving the owl alone by the mouse-hole, staring into it with both his eyes.

21. By-and-by the owl began to feel tired, and thought that one eye would do to watch the evil thing, while he slept with the other.

22. Soon the little bird peeped out, but the owl saw him and drove him back. Then the

owl began to close first one eye, and go to sleep with that and then the other, and so he intended to pass the whole night, but, unluckily, he once forgot to open the one eye when he shut the other, and so, going to sleep with both, the little bird was able to escape.

23. From this time the owl dares not show himself by day for fear of the other birds. He

flies now only by
night, and hunts

the poor mice,

because a

mouse-hole

brought him into
disgrace.



24. The little bird,

too, was afraid to vent-

ure among the others,

so he concealed himself

in the hedges, and when he thought himself quite safe, he called out, "I am king! I am king!" Therefore the other birds called him "hedge-king" in scorn, and that means the wren.



MYTHS.

VIII.—THE PYGMIES.

1. A great while ago, when the world was full of wonders, there lived an earth-born giant named Antæus, and a million or more of curious little earth-born people who were called pygmies. The giant and the pygmies both being children of our old mother, Earth, were all brethren, and dwelt together, in a very friendly way, far off in the middle of hot Africa. The largest of the pygmies was only about six inches high, while Antæus was so very tall that he carried about a large pine-tree as a walking-stick.

2. While Antæus was friendly with his little neighbors, he was fierce and cruel to other people, and, when any one came into the pygmy country, he was driven back or killed by a blow from the terrible pine-tree. One day the Greek hero, Hercules, happened to cross the country, on his way

to the garden of Hesperides, where grew the golden apples. At once Antæus flew into a great rage, and went at Hercules with his pine-tree. But Hercules carried a club much stronger than the pine-tree. After a terrible battle, Antæus was killed, and the hero lay down to rest and went to sleep.

3. The pygmies loved their big brother Antæus, and they resolved to avenge his death. So, while Hercules slept, the whole nation came together to decide what they should do. One wanted to challenge Hercules to fight with him with swords, but the others thought it would be safest to kill him before he awoke. But how were they to do this? They could not climb up on him as he lay there snoring, and their arrows would not prick through his skin. Besides, if any of them came in the way of Hercules' breath, he was blown away, and tumbled heels over head. After a while they agreed to burn him up. So the whole army gathered sticks, straws, and dry grass, and piled it up under Hercules' head. Then all the archers were placed so as to let fly at their enemy as soon as he awoke.

4. The pile of straw was then set on fire, and Hercules started up with his hair in a blaze. Then



twenty thousand archers sent their arrows straight at the hero's face. While still half-asleep, he put out the fire in his hair, and he thought a swarm of mosquitoes had flown in his face. Then he looked about him, and at last discovered the pygmies, and he picked up one of them and held him out in his hand.

5. "What in the world," said Hercules, "may you be?" "I am your enemy," said the pygmy; "you have killed our brother Antæus, and I challenge you to fight with me!" Hercules was so tickled with the pygmy's big words that he could not help laughing, and came near dropping the little fellow off his hand. "Upon my word," said he, "I have seen wonders before, but nothing like this. Here is a little fellow, not larger than my finger, with a soul as big as my own!"

6. So Hercules carefully put the little man down, and, turning to the whole nation, he said: "My good little people, I would not injure you for the world. I ask for peace. Ha! ha! for once I am beaten." So saying, he carefully picked his way so as not to crush any of the little folks, and went on his journey to find the golden apples.

IX.—THE GOLDEN TOUCH.

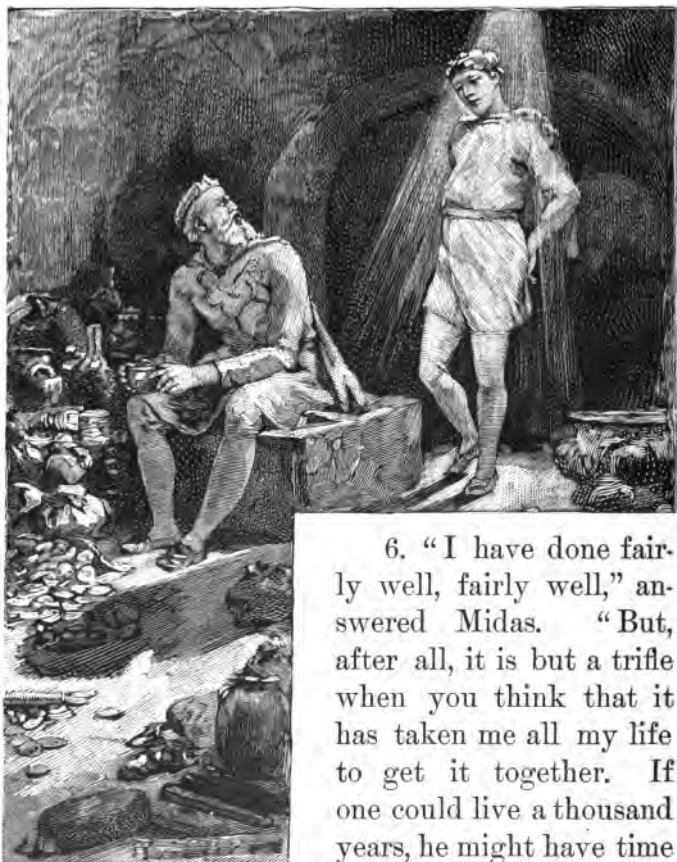
1. Once upon a time there lived a king whose name was Midas. He had one daughter, a little girl whom he dearly loved, and her name was Marygold.

2. King Midas was fonder of gold than anything else in the world, unless it was this little maiden, and this was the reason he named her Marygold.

3. The king had great bags of gold coin, a gold cup as big as a wash-bowl, heavy golden bars, and many other treasures; these he kept hidden away in a dark dungeon of his palace. Every day he would go down to this dismal place, and, locking the door carefully behind him, would count over his riches.

4. One day Midas was in his treasure-room enjoying himself as usual, when he saw a shadow fall on the heaps of gold. He looked up; there was a stranger standing in the sunlit corner.

5. The stranger smiled at Midas kindly, and, looking about the room, said: "You are a very rich man, friend Midas; I doubt if any other four walls on earth contain so much gold as you have piled up here."



6. "I have done fairly well, fairly well," answered Midas. "But, after all, it is but a trifle when you think that it has taken me all my life to get it together. If one could live a thousand years, he might have time to grow rich."

7. "What!" cried the stranger, "then are you not satisfied?" Midas shook his head. "And

pray what do you wish?" asked the stranger. "I should really like to know."

8. Midas did not answer at once; he tried to think of the very largest amount of gold possible, and yet it seemed too small. At last a bright idea came to him.

9. Raising his head, he looked the stranger in the face. "Well, Midas," said the visitor, "I see that you have decided. Tell me your wish." "I am tired of collecting my gold so slowly; I wish everything that I touch may be changed to gold." The stranger's smile grew so very broad that it seemed to fill the room like sunlight.

10. "The Golden Touch!" exclaimed he; "are you quite sure, my friend Midas, that this will satisfy you?" "How could it fail?" said Midas. "And will you never be sorry that you possess it?" "Why should I?" asked Midas. "I wish for nothing else to make me perfectly happy."

11. "Be it as you wish," replied the stranger, waving a farewell with his hand. "To-morrow at sunrise you will find that you have the 'Golden Touch.'"

12. The figure of the stranger was so dazzling that Midas closed his eyes, and when he opened them he saw only a yellow sunbeam where the

stranger had stood. Very early next morning King Midas awoke, and, stretching his arms out of bed, began to touch the objects near him. He first laid his fingers on a chair by his bedside, but no change could he see. Then he tried the other things, but they remained exactly as before. Sadly disappointed was King Midas. All this while it was only daybreak ; the sun had not yet risen.

13. But suddenly the first sunbeam came through the window and then on the king's bed, and, as he held the bed-spread in his hand, behold the linen cloth had become cloth of gold ! The "Golden Touch" had come to him with the first sunbeam.

14. Midas started up joyfully, and ran about the room, touching everything in his way. He seized one of the bed-posts, and it became a fluted golden pillar. He pulled aside a window-curtain, and the tassel grew heavy in his hand—a mass of gold. He took up a book from the table. At first touch it looked like a splendidly bound and gilt-edged volume ; but, when he opened it, alas ! these were only thin golden plates, with not one word that could be read.

15. He hurriedly put on his clothes, and was

delighted to find himself dressed in gold-cloth, which was soft and flexible, but somewhat heavy.

16. He drew out his handkerchief, which little Marygold had hemmed for him. This, too, was gold, with the dear child's pretty stitches all along the border in gold thread. This change he did not like so much; he would rather that his little daughter's handiwork should have remained the same as when she climbed upon his knee and put it in his hand. Then the king left his room and went down the wide staircase, smiling to himself to see the balustrade become a bar of burnished gold.

17. He stepped from the hall into the garden, blossoming with roses, which scented the morning air with their fragrance.

18. King Midas looked at them with delight, but thought to himself, "I can make you far more precious"; so he took great pains, in going from bush to bush, to touch every rose, until each flower and bud, and even the worms at the heart of some of them, were changed to gold.

19. By this time the king was called to breakfast, and, as the morning air had given him a keen appetite, he made haste back to the palace. Little Marygold had not yet made her appearance. The

king ordered her to be called, and, seating himself at the table, awaited her. It was not a great while before he saw her coming along the passage-way, crying bitterly.

20. When Midas heard her sobs, he thought he would give his little Marygold a surprise; so,

leaning across the table, he touched his daughter's china bowl, and changed it into shining gold.



21. Meanwhile Marygold slowly opened the door, and showed herself with her apron at her eyes, still sobbing as if her heart would break.

22. "How now, my little lady!" cried Midas. "Pray, what is the matter with you, this bright morning?" Marygold, without taking her apron from her eyes, held out her hand, in which was one of the golden roses.

23. "Beautiful!" exclaimed her father. "And what is there here to make you cry?" "Ah, dear father!" answered the child, as well as her sobs

would let her, "it is not beautiful, but the ugliest flower that ever grew. As soon as I was dressed, I ran into the garden to gather some roses for you, but, oh, dear! what do you think has happened? All the beautiful roses that smelled so sweetly are blighted and spoiled. They have grown quite yellow, like this one. What can have been the matter with them?"

24. "Pooh! my little girl, pray don't cry about it," said Midas, who was ashamed to tell her the truth. "Sit down and eat your bread and milk; you will find it easy enough to exchange a golden rose like that, which will last hundreds of years, for an ordinary one which would wither in a day."

25. "I don't care for such roses as this," cried Marygold, tossing it away. "It has no smell, and its hard petals prick my nose."

26. The child now sat down to the table, but the tears still came, and she did not notice the change in her china bowl.

27. The king, whose cup of coffee had been placed before him, lifted a spoonful to his mouth, and sipping it was astonished to find that, the instant his lips touched the liquid, it became molten gold, and the next moment hardened into a lump. "Ha!" exclaimed Midas, rather aghast. "What

is the matter, dear father?" asked little Marygold, gazing at him through her tears.

28. "Nothing, child—nothing," said Midas. "Eat your milk before it gets quite cold."

29. The king then took a brook-trout on his plate, and touched it with his fingers, when it at once became a gold-fish. Then he tried a smoking-hot cake, but had scarcely broken it before it became heavy with gold. An egg, too, underwent a similar change. So it was with each dish to which the king was helped, and all the time he grew more and more hungry.

30. At last, when he had burned his tongue severely with a potato, which had become red-hot metal, he could bear it no longer, but groaned aloud.

31. On hearing her father's outcry, pretty Marygold started from her chair, and, running to him, threw her arms affectionately about his knees. The king bent down and kissed her tenderly. He felt that his little daughter's love was worth a thousand times more than the Golden Touch.

32. "My precious, precious Marygold!" cried he. But Marygold made no answer. Alas! what had he done? The moment his lips touched Marygold's forehead, a change had taken place. His

little daughter was a child no longer, but a golden statue.

33. Poor King Midas ! He stood at first dumb with despair. Then he began to wring his hands and cried, "Would that I were the poorest man in the wide world, if only my dear child were restored to me !"

34. While he was thus lamenting, suddenly the stranger, who had granted his dearest wish, stood before him. "Well, friend Midas," said he, "pray how do you succeed with the 'Golden Touch'?" Midas shook his head and pointed to the golden statue. "I have lost all my heart really cared for." "Ah ! so you have made a discovery since yesterday?" the stranger said. "Let us see, then, which of these things do you really think is worth the most, the gift of the Golden Touch, or one cup of clear, cold water?"

35. "O blessed water !" exclaimed Midas. "It will never moisten my parched throat again."

36. "The Golden Touch," continued the stranger, "or a crust of bread?" "A piece of bread," answered Midas, "is worth all the gold on earth."

37. "The Golden Touch," asked the stranger, "or your own little Marygold, warm, soft, and loving, as she was an hour ago?"

38. "My child, my dear child," cried poor Midas. "I would not give one small dimple in her chin for the power of changing the whole earth into a solid lump of gold!"

39. "You are wiser than you were, King Midas," said the stranger, looking seriously at him; "your own heart, I see, has not been entirely changed to gold. Tell me, do you sincerely wish to get rid of the Golden Touch?" "It is hateful to me!" replied Midas.

40. "Go, then," said the stranger, "and plunge into the river that flows past the bottom of your garden. Take likewise a jar of the same water and sprinkle over any object you may desire to change again from gold to its former substance. If you do this, you may repair the mischief your folly has caused."

41. King Midas bowed low, and when he lifted his head he was alone.

42. You will easily believe that Midas lost no time in snatching up a big earthen pitcher—earthen no longer after he had touched it, and hurrying to the river-side. On reaching the stream, he plunged in headlong, without so much as waiting to pull off his shoes.

43. "Poof, poof, poof!" snorted King Midas,



as his head rose from the water. "Well, this is really a refreshing bath, and I think I must have quite washed away the 'Golden Touch'—and now for filling my pitcher!"

44. As he dipped the pitcher in the water, he was glad to see it change from gold into the same good, honest earthen vessel which it had been before. The curse of the Golden Touch had been really removed from him.

45. And now King Midas hastened back to the palace, bearing the pitcher carefully, that he might not waste a single drop. In handfuls he sprinkled the water over the little golden figure of his Marygold. No sooner did it fall on her, than she began to sneeze and sputter, and how astonished was she to find herself dripping wet.

46. "Pray do not, dear father," cried she. "See how you have wet my nice frock which I put on only this morning!" For Marygold did not know that she had been a little golden statue.

47. King Midas never regretted the loss of the Golden Touch.

Adapted from Hawthorne.



LEGENDS.

X.—KING HENRY AND THE MILLER.

1. Once upon a time, the young king, Henry II, of England, was chasing the deer in his forest of Sherwood, a sport of which he was exceedingly fond. All day long he rode with his princes and nobles; but, being mounted on the swiftest horse, he at length outrode them all, and found himself, at twilight, quite alone, and lost in the mazes of the wood. In vain he wound his horn, shouted, and hallooed. There came to his ear no answering sound of bugle, or voice, or galloping horses, or baying hounds. In this strait, the king felt weariness and hunger, and longed for a shelter, support, and a bed, however rude.

2. He wandered up and down for a while, all bewildered, and not a little troubled lest he should fall a prey to the outlaws who infested those

dense forest shades. But at length, quite by accident, he struck upon a path which led him out into the open country, and on to a public road. Here he happened to meet a man, whom by his whitened dress he knew to be a miller, and of whom he courteously asked the nearest way to Nottingham, where, at that time, he was holding his court.

3. The miller looked up at him very suspiciously, and answered, "Sir, I intend no saucy jest, but I think what I think, and that is, that thou dost not come so far out of the way for nothing."

"Why, man," said the king, pleasantly, "what dost thou take me for, that thou passest such sudden judgment upon me?" "Good faith, sir," replied the miller, "and to speak plain, I think thou art some gentleman-thief of the forest. So stand back there in the dark. Don't dismount, lest I crack thy knavish crown with my cudgel!"

4. "Nay, friend, thou dost me great wrong," answered the king. "I am an honest gentleman. I have lost my way, and I want supper and lodging for the night."

"I do not believe that thou hast one groat in thy purse, for all thy gay clothes," said the mil-

ler. "Thou dost carry all thy silver on thy outside, like a pheasant."

"Wrong, again. I have money enough to pay for all I call for."

"Well, if thou art truly an honest man, and canst pay for it, I will gladly give thee lodging and food."

5. "I have always been accounted such a man," said the king. "Here's my hand on't."

"Not so fast," said the miller; "I must know thee better, ere we shake hands. Thou mayst be a hobgoblin, for all I know." With that the good man led the way to his house, which he entered, his guest dismounting and following him. When they stood in the full firelight, "Now, sir, let me see what thou art like," said the miller.

"Look thy fill. Do not spare my modesty," replied the merry monarch.

6. "Well," said the miller, "on the whole, I like thy face; it is an honest one. Thou mayst stay with us till the morning." The miller's wife, who was busy cooking a supper, the savory steam of which was filling all the cottage, here paused from her work to put in a word: "Ay, by my troth, husband, he is a comely youth, yet it is best to have a care. Art thou no runaway servitor, my



pretty lad? Show us thy passport, and it please thee; so shall all be well."

7. The young king, taking off his hat, and bowing low, replied: "I have no passport, my fair mistress, and I never was a servitor. I am but a poor huntsman belonging to the court, who has lost his way. I am too wearied to ride to Nottingham to-night, so ask your kind hospitality." The

good woman was so well pleased with these words, that she replied: "Well, thou art welcome, and, though I say it, thou shalt be well lodged in my house. I will give thee a bed of fresh straw, and good brown hempen sheets, span clean, and thou shalt sleep like a prince."

"Ay, sir," put in the miller, "and thou shalt have no worse a bedfellow than our son Richard."

8. The king made a wry face, at the idea of sharing his bed with a stranger, but Master Richard, a boorish, bushy-headed, but jolly-looking youth, who sat in the chimney-corner, watching the pot boil, called out, bluntly: "Nay, father, I have a word to say to that. First, my good fellow, tell me truly, art thou right cleanly and wholesome?"

9. The king burst into a hearty laugh, as he answered: "Ay, friend, I'll answer for it; thou'lt have no cause to complain of me on that score." Soon after this they all sat down to supper, which consisted of hot bag-puddings, apple-pies, and good foamy ale, which last was passed from one to another in a large brown bowl. The miller drank first to his guest's good health, and the merry king did not disdain to take the bowl in turn and drink to his host and hostess, with thanks

for their good cheer, "and also," he added, with a courtly bow toward Richard, "permit me to drink to your gallant son." "Then do it quickly," said Dick, "and pass the bowl, for I am dry!"

10. "Now, wife," said the miller, "let us have a taste of 'light-foot.'" At this the good woman brought from the pantry a venison pasty and set it before her husband. He helped his guest to a



portion, saying: "Eat, sir, but make no waste. It's a dainty dish."

11. "Ay, by my faith! I find it the daintiest dish that I ever tasted," said the king, who was hungry enough to relish much worse fare.

12. "By my faith! it is no dainty at all," said Richard, "seeing that we eat it every day."

"In what place may the meat you call 'light-foot' be bought?" asked the king.

13. "Why, as for that," answered Dick, "we don't buy it at all. We fetch it on our backs from the forest yonder. To say truth, we now and then make free with the king's deer, seeing that he hath more of a good thing than he needs or deserves."

14. "So, then, this is venison?" said the king.

"Ay, any fool may know that. We are never without two or three up there under the roof. But mind thou tell no tales when thou leavest us. We would not for twopence that the king should know of it; he might be villain enough to hang us."

15. "Don't be uneasy, my friend," said royal Henry. "He shall never know any more of it through me, I promise thee." After this they took a hearty draught of ale all around and went to bed.

16. The king slept soundly all night on his rude couch of straw, being too tired to be kept

awake even by the lusty snoring of his bedfellow, Richard. In the morning, after a hearty breakfast, for which, as for his supper, the king paid handsomely in gold, he mounted his horse to depart for Nottingham. Just at this moment a large party of his nobles, who had been hunting for him for many hours, galloped up to the miller's cottage, and, seeing their sovereign, dismounted and knelt before him, asking his pardon for having lost sight of him in the chase the day previous.

17. When the miller learned the lofty rank of his guest, and remembered how familiarly he had treated him, he stood speechless with terror, trembling from head to foot, expecting nothing less than to be hanged before his own door. The king saw his fright, and was secretly amused, but said nothing. Presently he drew his sword slowly from its scabbard. At this the poor miller dropped on his knees and begged for his life, with big tears rolling down his cheeks. Just behind him knelt his wife, crying bitterly. As for Master Richard, he had valiantly turned and run for Sherwood Forest as soon as he found who had been his bedfellow.

18. The king lifted his sword. "Don't cut off my head, your Majesty! It won't do anybody

else as much good as it does me !” cried the miller. The king brought down his sword, not on the miller’s neck, but lightly on his shoulder, and said, “ Rise, Sir John Cockle !”

Grace Greenwood.





XI.—DICK WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.

1. Once on a time, nearly four hundred years ago, there lived in a small village, near London, a poor little boy named Dick Whittington. His father and mother had died when he was quite young, and he could hardly remember them. Poor Dick had no friends, and he lived about the streets, clothed in rags, and picking up such food as he could get, very much as the dogs do. He had heard of London, and that the streets were paved with gold ; and he thought, if he could once get there, it would be easy for him to pick up guineas enough to make him rich.

2. A wagoner, going to London, gave Dick a chance to ride, and the poor, half-starved lad was

safely set down in the great city. He ran eagerly out to fill his pockets with gold, but everywhere he found dirt and stones instead. Tired with his long walk, he sat down on the steps of a rich merchant, Mr. Fitzwarren, to rest, when the ill-natured cook said she would scald him if he did not go away. At this moment the merchant came home, and saw the poor lad as he slowly rose to go on, and he said to him: "What is the matter, my lad? Why are you here idle? Where do you live?"

3. To these questions Dick replied by telling his little history, and the kind-hearted Mr. Fitzwarren not only gave him a dinner, but engaged him to help about the kitchen. Here he found friends. The coachman was kind to him, and Miss Alice, the master's daughter, gave him some nice clothes, in place of his old rags.

4. He had one trouble, however: he lodged in a garret, and the rats and mice ran over his bed so at night that he could not sleep, and he was afraid they would eat him up. One day a visitor gave Dick a silver penny, and then he felt very rich indeed. The next day, while out in the streets, he saw an old woman with a fine, large cat in her arms, which she was trying to sell. Dick asked the price, and was told a penny. He gave the

old woman the only piece of money he had ever owned, and took puss home with him. When night came, and the rats and mice made their appearance, the cat soon cleared them out, and they were glad to get away with their lives.

5. Puss and Dick soon became great friends; and the little boy was never so happy as when he could steal away to his garret and stroke the back of his pet, while she purred her song to him.

6. One day Mr. Fitzwarren came in and called all his servants about him. He told them that he was about to send a ship to Africa, and that each one might send something of his own to sell, and have all that it would bring. The servants all brought something, but Dick had only his cat. The coachman offered to help him, but Mr. Fitzwarren said that he must give something of his own, so the cat was taken away.

7. As Dick stood looking after his good friend, with tears in his eyes, "Now," he said, "the rats and mice will eat me up again!" At this moment the cook came along, and soundly scolded the poor boy for his idleness, and then cuffed his ears. Then Dick thought he would run away, and he set out on one of the roads leading into the country. After walking for a time, he sat down to

rest, and the Bow-bells began to ring, and he thought they said :

“Turn back, Whittington !

Turn back, thrice Lord Mayor of London !”

8. The words were so plain, that he got up and went back to his home and his work. Miss Alice took pity on him and gave him money to buy another cat.

9. A year passed by, and, as Dick was about his work one day, again he heard the Bow-bells ring, saying to him :

“Turn back, Whittington !

Turn back, thrice Lord Mayor of London !”

Pretty soon Mr. Fitzwarren came in, and again called his servants together. The ship had come back, bringing beautiful things to those who had sent out their little presents. When it came to Dick's turn, the porters brought in and piled up before him a great heap of bags of gold.

10. When the captain arrived in Africa he was welcomed by the king of that country, and was invited to a dinner. But, just as the company were about to sit down, an army of rats rushed in and ate up all the food before the guests could get any. The poor king, with tears in his eyes, said that this often happened, and that he would

give half his kingdom to get rid of them. The captain sent for Dick's cat, and when she came she pounced upon the rats with such fury that all who were not killed ran frightened away. Before the captain sailed, the king sent on board a hundred bags of gold in exchange for the beautiful rat-killer.

11. Dick Whittington was now very rich. As he grew up he became a merchant. Then he married Miss Alice, and he lived happily to a good old age. King Henry V. made him Sir Richard Whittington. He was so well liked for his goodness, that he was three times elected Lord Mayor of London; and to his dying day he never forgot what the Bow-bells said to him when he was a poor little boy.



XII.—KING ALFRED AND THE CAKES.

1. When Alfred was twelve years old, he had not been taught to read. One day his mother, Queen Osburgha, read to her sons from a book of Saxon poetry. The art of printing was not known at this time, and the book, which was written, was illuminated with beautiful letters of bright colors.

2. The brothers liked the stories very much, and their mother said, "I will give this book to the one who first learns to read." Alfred studied very hard, and soon won the book. He was proud of it all his life. When Alfred was twenty-three years of age, he became king. In the first year of his reign he fought nine battles with the Danes. They promised to leave the country, and not return. They did not keep their promises, but came again and again to fight, plunder, and burn.

3. In the fourth year of King Alfred's reign the Danes came in great numbers to England. The king's soldiers were routed, and the king was obliged to disguise himself as a common peasant, and hide in the cottage of one of his cowherds. One day the cowherd's wife set some cakes to bake, and bade the king, who was sitting by the



fire, mending his bow and arrows, to tend them. Alfred thought more of his bow and arrows than he did of the cakes, and let them burn.



4. Then the woman ran in, and cried out :
"There ! don't you see the cakes on fire ? Then
wherefore turn them not ?
You're glad enough to eat them when they are
piping hot."

5. At last the king was able to join his soldiers again and once more go against the Danes. As the two armies were encamped near each other, the king disguised himself as a harper, and went with his harp to the Danish camp to find out how great was their force of men and arms. He played and sang in the very tent of Guthren, the Danish leader. While he seemed to think of nothing but his music, the king watched everything and learned all that he wished to know.

6. And very soon the great king entertained them with different music. He called all his true followers to meet him, and, putting himself at their head, marched on the Danish camp and defeated the Danes with great loss to them. They were glad then to make peace.

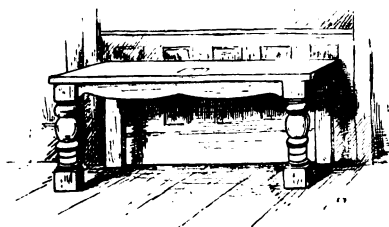




XIII.—THE KNIGHTING OF THE SIRLOIN OF BEEF.

1. WHEN James the First of England
Rode forth at Christmastide,
To hunt a gallant stag, often
Of Chingford woods the pride ;
2. The wind blew keen, the snow fell fast,
And made for earth a pall,
As tired steeds and wearied men
Returned to Friday Hall.

3. The blazing logs, piled on the dogs,
Were pleasant to behold ;
And grateful was the steaming feast
To hungry men and cold.
4. With right good-will all took their fill,
And soon each found relief ;
While James his royal trencher piled
From one huge loin of beef.
5. Quoth James: "Odd's fish, a noble dish,
Aye noble made by me:
By kingly right, I dub thee knight—
Sir Loin henceforward be."
6. And never was a royal jest
Received with such acclaim ;
And never knight than good "*Sir Loin*"
More worthy of the name.





HOME STORIES

XIV.

MADAME WHITNEY'S HOUSEKEEPING.

1. MADAME WHITNEY'S house, like all of that date, had an immense chimney, larger than her bed room, with small fireplaces in the square rooms, and one high, deep, and wide, in the kitchen. A heavy crane swung in this kitchen fireplace, on which she could hang four or five cooking-pots and kettles at a time. At the left was the brick oven, four feet deep and two feet high, arched over with brick. The brick or stone floor of this oven was about four feet higher than the kitchen-floor, and under it was a long pit for ashes.

2. Madame Whitney's preparations for a boiled dinner began before breakfast, when she put a great piece of salt beef in the pot over the fire. This pot was a fat thing, small at the top, to keep the smoke away from the cover, and it held two or three pailfuls. A piece of pork and a quan-

tity of "garden-sauce"—beets, cabbage, turnips, carrots, and potatoes—followed the beef at the appropriate time, and, best of all, a pudding. No boiled dinner was complete without its pudding, which was put into the pot at exactly nine o'clock, dinner being always served at noon. The pudding was a simple batter of new milk and Indian-meal, made thin and boiled in a linen bag. To insure lightness, the water in the pot must be boiling briskly when the pudding was put in, and never stop for an instant. This item of the care-taking attended to, when the bag was turned off, the pudding was always found to be "light as a cork," and, with cream and maple-sugar, was very toothsome, and all the more highly prized that they did not have dessert with every dinner. After the vegetables and meats and pudding had been taken up, crusts of brown bread, which had been saved for this purpose, were put into the pot and boiled a few minutes, then skimmed out—a brewis with nameless garden flavors—to accompany the dinner.

3. Many beans were raised. They were baked and stewed, but oftenest of all were made into bean-porridge. This was a rich, thick soup, cooked slowly for a long time. It was made with seasoning of beef-bones, if obtainable, but oftener a few

slices of salt pork were fried in the pot, two or three quarts of water poured upon them, and added to this was a pint or more of beans previously soaked overnight in cold water. It was additionally seasoned with salt and small bits of pepper-pods, and was a staple article of diet, being made as often as once a week, summer and winter. It was a popular dish with the children, brown bread or wheaten being crumbled liberally into the steaming bowl.

4. Baking-day was the great day of the week. Madame Whitney was up betimes. Cyrus was summoned, and was expected to split a great pile of short oven-wood before breakfast; and it was Sally's duty during the same time to have sifted the meal and flour—three sievfuls of rye- and three of corn-meal into the bread-trough—a box as large as a baby-cradle. At each end of the trough, near the top, was a slot to hold the “meal-stick,” and along this stick little Sally slid the sieve to and fro, to and fro, to sift the meal. She next sifted a quantity of flour into the wheat-tray—a heavy, home-made wooden receptacle, holding but little less than the trough. After breakfast, madame rolled her sleeves to her shoulders, tied on a clean linen apron, and, with a pan of milk

and water and a bowl of fresh yeast, began to make the brown bread.

5. I regret to say that it is my belief that she called this bread "ryninjun" when it was done. It was no light task to mix five or six large loaves, since it must be made stiff enough to bake without pans on the bottom of the oven. When it was thoroughly mixed she heaped it on one end of the trough, and set it near the fire to rise. Then she mixed the wheaten dough, and set the tray over the trough. The oven was heated by building a fire of finely split wood in it. This fire was kept an hour or two, but old ladies used to say they "could tell when an oven was hot by the looks." When it was at white heat, the coals were spread over the oven to heat the bottom, and, when this stone floor reached the right degree, the coals and ashes were scraped out, and a birch broom, from which the string had been cut to let the splinters stand in all directions, was used to sweep or mop it clean. Pots of beans and an Indian pudding were set in while the oven was yet too hot for bread. The rye-and-Indian and the wheat dough having become light, they were gently sprinkled with dry meal, and slid into the oven from the blade of a long-handled wooden

shovel—the brown bread first, and, when the oven was a little cooler, the wheat-bread.

6. There was then room for two or three pies in the mouth of the oven. Fruit-pies could seldom be made; berries, to be sure, grew in the clearings, and wild grapes grew near some of the streams, but the Whitney family and their neighbors had to wait years for apples and other tree-fruits. When wild cherries were ripe, Madame Whitney used sometimes to make pies of them—of both bird-cherries and the bush-cherry, called choke-cherries. In spring she made pies of sorrel. On baking-days the children were sent to gather a quantity of fresh young sorrel-leaves—the old leaves were tough and bitter. After covering a plate with paste, she piled it high with carefully washed and picked sorrel, put on plenty of maple-sugar, and covered it with paste.

7. America had not then become a pie-eating nation, but Madame Whitney made more than her neighbors, especially when pumpkins came. Oh, the pumpkin! I don't know what our pioneers would have done without it. It was easily raised, and much used. They put it into brown bread to give it a sweet taste; they ate it simply stewed; they cut it into long strips, and dried it over the

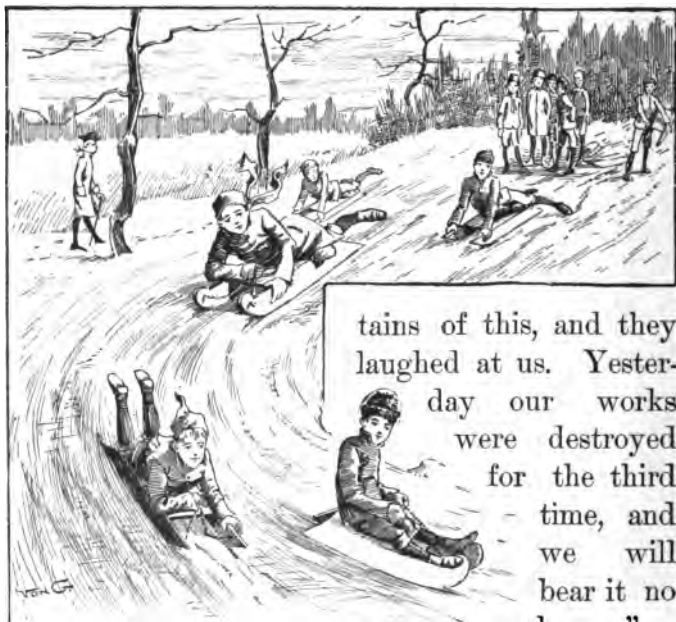
fire; they made pies of it; and sometimes they even made of it an inferior kind of sirup.

Luthera Whitney. Selected from "Old-Time Days and Ways."

XV.—THE BOSTON BOYS.

1. Just before the Revolution a company of British troops was stationed at Boston. The people did not like them, for they would often stop men in the street, and in many ways make themselves disagreeable.

2. In the winter the boys in one of the schools had a sliding-place on the Common. This the soldiers destroyed as often as the boys built it up. After appealing in vain to the captain, the boys finally went to General Gage and complained. "What!" he said, "have your fathers been teaching you rebellion, and sent you here to exhibit it?" "Nobody sent us, sir," said one of the boys. "We have never injured nor insulted your troops, but they have trodden down our snow-hills, and broken the ice on our skating-ground. We complained, and they called us 'young rebels,' and told us 'to help ourselves if we could.' We told the cap-



3. The General said, with surprise, to one of his officers: "The very children here draw in a love of liberty with the air they breathe. You may go, my brave boys; and be assured, if my troops trouble you again, they shall be punished."



Revolutionary Musket.

XVI.—WASHINGTON AND THE HORSE.

1. Washington owed much of his greatness to his mother. She taught him many lessons and gave him many rules ; but her own deeds every day impressed him most. She taught him to be truthful ; but her lessons were not half as forcible as her own truthfulness.

2. There is a story told of George Washington's boyhood which is to the point. His father had taken a great deal of pride in his blooded horses, and his mother afterward took great interest in the young horses that had not yet been broken ; and one of them in particular, a sorrel, was extremely spirited. No one had been able to do anything with it, and it was pronounced thoroughly vicious, as people are apt to pronounce horses which they have not learned to master. George was determined to ride this colt, and told his companions that, if they would help him catch it, he would ride and tame it.

3. Early in the morning they set out for the pasture, where the boys managed to surround the sorrel, and then to put a bit into its mouth. Washington sprang on its back, the boys dropped the bridle, and away flew the angry animal. Its rider

at once began to command ; the horse resisted, backing about the field, rearing and plunging. The boys became thoroughly alarmed, but Wash-



ington kept his seat, never once losing his self-control or his mastery of the colt. The struggle was a sharp one ; when suddenly, as if deter-

mined to rid itself of its rider, the creature leaped into the air with a tremendous bound. It was its last. The violence burst a blood-vessel, and the noble horse fell dead.

4. Before the boys could sufficiently recover to consider how they should extricate themselves from the scrape, they were called to breakfast. The mistress of the house, knowing that they had been in the fields, began to ask after her stock.

5. "Pray, young gentlemen," said she, "have you seen my blooded colts in your rambles? I hope they are well taken care of. My favorite, I am told, is as large as his sire."

6. The boys looked at one another, and no one liked to speak. Of course, the mother repeated her question.

7. "The sorrel is dead, madam," said her son. "I killed him!" And then he told the whole story. They say that his mother flushed with anger, as her son so often used to, and then, like him, controlled herself, and presently said, quietly: "It is well; but while I regret the loss of my favorite, I rejoice in my son, who always speaks the truth."

XVII.—OUR GRANDMOTHERS AT SCHOOL.

1. Mrs. Diaz, in her delightful sketches, gives an account of her old teachers, and how the old-time schools were conducted. She always sees the funny side.



2. "One of my teachers," she says, "was Marm Leonard. She used to wear a ruffled vandyke and a necklace of large blue beads, and a row of reddish false curls on each side of her forehead.

3. "Marm Leonard had a faculty for contriving punishments suitable to the nature of each offense. For example, when little Sethy Cushing

tied his comforter around a kitten and hung it on the clothes-line, she tied the comforter around little Sethy Cushing and hung him on the crane in her great kitchen fireplace. Of course, the fireplace was not at that time in use.

4. "Scholars who told lies had mustard put on their tongues. When a little girl stole a vial of boxberry-cordial from one of the other children, Marm Leonard held that little girl's fingers over the red-hot coals.

5. "She had also other ways of persuading us to avoid the evil and take to the good. She kept a thin, oval-shaped silver locket, marked 'Best scholar,' for the best scholar to wear. She also had ribbon bows, of blue, pink, light-green, and black. All the good scholars went home with bright bows pinned on their shoulders. The marm had but one black bow, and that was reserved to be pinned on the one who was unusually bad.



6. "I must not forget to mention the Catechism—or 'Catechise,' as it was usually called—for in that Marm Leonard drilled us well. At the summons 'All stand up and say your *Catechise!*' we all stood up in a straight line on a crack of the floor. She put out the questions in a high pitched tone of voice, speaking very fast, and we answered with equal rapidity, running the words together and scampering along without stopping to breathe. In fact, we answered in one long word.

7. "The 'Catechise' contained one hundred and seven questions, their answers, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments, and the Creed. Some of the scholars knew the book through, and the 'Primer' besides.

8. "The 'Primer' was a thin book, about five inches long and four wide, with blue covers and leather binding. It had a woodcut of John Hancock and a number of very small woodcuts, one for every letter of the alphabet. These were placed up and down the pages, six in a page, at the left-hand side, each with its couplet at the right. Thus, for A there was the couplet—

" 'In Adam's fall
We sinnèd all.'

9. "In the picture there were two droll-looking human images, whose bond of union seemed to be an apple, which both of them were holding. They stood close to a tree. It looked like a cedar or a hemlock tree, but we knew it to be an apple-tree, because there were apples on it. We were sure they were apples, for we had heard the story again and again. Around the trunk was coiled a serpent of the size—so it seemed to us—of a small anaconda, for with only two coils it reached from the ground to the branches.

10. "For 'O' there were three human images, two of them with crowns and scepters, and the triplet—

" 'Johnny Obadiah,
David, Josiah,
All were pious.' "

11. "Besides the pictures and rhymes, the 'Primer' contained the alphabet, the 'abs,' a few pages of 'spelling-words,' a variety of 'Lessons and Maxims for Children,' several prayers, the whole of the Catechism, the 'Golden Rule,' and a number of verses, texts, and so forth.

12. "It was always a marked event when the committee visited the school. If the President and all his Cabinet were to walk into the room



Visit of the School Committee.

where I am writing, they would not seem half so stately and grand to me as did those four gentlemen who used to visit the school once or twice during the winter. They came up from town on horseback; a wheeled vehicle was rarely seen in those days. Their arrival was usually announced by some scholar who had peeped through a crack, or who had stood up and looked out of the window.

13. "‘Committee’s come!’ was the whisper which ran through the room. Its effect was magical. The schoolmaster, startled by the sudden silence, would throw a hurried glance at the window, and then try to put on a serene and lamb-like expression. We would listen as still as mice till we heard voices outside; then came steps in the entry; then a rap at the door. At the moment of their entrance the stillness was such that we hardly breathed.

14. "Oh, how majestic they looked with their nice broadcloth (our folks wore homespun), their ruffled shirts, their heavy watch-seals, and their gold-headed canes! Walking along the alley-way, they fairly lighted up that dingy, low-walled little building. With what an air they looked down upon us! How could anything seem good in their sight?

15. "They usually heard the classes read, looked at the writing-books, and gave out 'spellings.' Mr. Bixby was the most pompous member of the committee. He felt himself the grandest. I remember his hanging cheeks, and his quick, puffy way of talking. I also recall what he once said when the other gentlemen were in favor of our taking up a new study: 'Oh, it's of no consequence—no consequence at all! They are not intended to grace a drawing-room.'

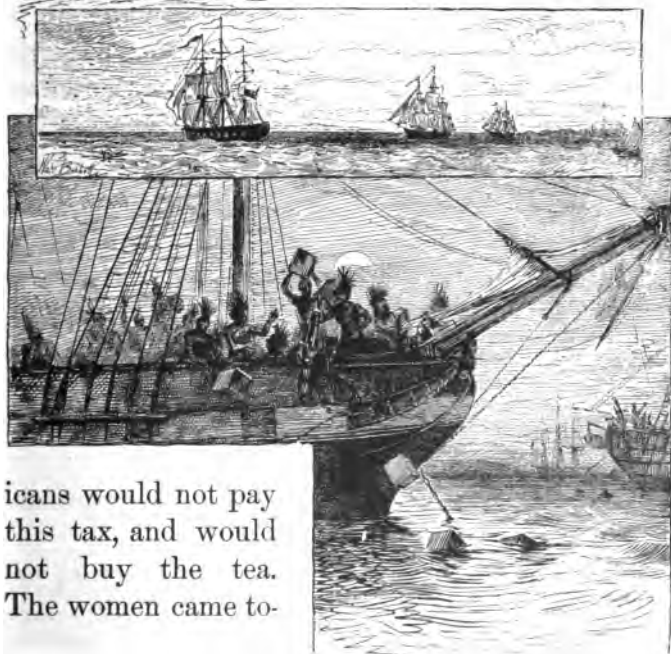
16. "The 'committee' heard us all read and spell, turned over the leaves of the writing-books, talked in undertones with the schoolmaster and with each other, said 'a few words' to the scholars, then they walked out, hats and canes in hand, and the whole school standing as they passed down the alley. When, at last, the closing door shut them out, it seemed as if the school-room had met with an eclipse.

17. "We listened in silence while they trotted away, and then, as if just awakened from a dream, scholars resumed their mischief-making, the schoolmaster his natural expression of countenance, and flogging, hair-pulling, and ear-pulling went on as usual, accompanied by the whizzing of rulers."

Youth's Companion.

*XVIII.
THE BOSTON
TEA-PARTY.*

1. Before the Revolution, the British laid a tax on tea before it could be sold in America. The Amer-



icans would not pay this tax, and would not buy the tea. The women came to-

gether in each town and declared they would drink no tea until the tax was taken off. As they must have something to drink at their tea-parties, some tried catnip, some sage, some sassafras, and some other herbs. It was a hard time for them, poor souls ! but they stood out nobly.

2. By-and-by, three ships laden with tea were sent to Boston. Then, what a time they had ! Sixty men dressed like Indians, with paint and feathers, jumped on board the vessels and went to work to destroy the tea. The chests were brought up and opened, and the tea turned into the water. Such a tea-party the fish never had before. When the last pound of tea was poured out, the Indians went off, and were never found out by the British.

3. George P. Morris, the poet, describes this tea-party, and the origin of the tune "Yankee Doodle," in the following poem, which the children should both read and sing :

4. Once on a time Old Johnny Bull flew in a
raging fury,
And swore that Jonathan should have no trials,
sir, by jury ;
That no elections should be held, across the
briny waters ;

"And now," said he, "I'll tax the tea of all his sons and daughters."

Then down he sate in burly state, and blustered like a grandee,

And in derision made a tune called "Yankee doodle dandy."

"Yankee doodle"—these are facts—"Yankee doodle dandy ;

My son of wax, your tea I'll tax ; you Yankee doodle dandy!"

5. John sent the tea from o'er the sea, with heavy duties rated ;

But whether hyson or bohea, I never heard it stated.

Then Jonathan to pout began—he laid a strong embargo—

"I'll drink no tea, by Jove!" so he threw overboard the cargo.

Then Johnny sent a regiment, big words and looks to bandy,

Whose martial band, when near the land, played "Yankee doodle dandy."

"Yankee doodle—keep it up—Yankee doodle dandy—

I'll poison with a tax your cup, you Yankee doodle dandy."

6. A long war then they had, in which John was
at last defeated,
And Yankee doodle was the march to which
his troops retreated.
'Cute Jonathan, to see them fly, could not
restrain his laughter ;
"That tune," said he, "suits to a T—I'll sing it
ever after !"
Old Johnny's face, to his disgrace, was flushed
with beer and brandy,
E'en while he swore to sing no more, this
"Yankee doodle dandy."
Yankee doodle-ho-ha-he—Yankee doodle dandy,
We kept the tune, but not the tea—Yankee
doodle dandy.
7. I've told you now the origin of this most lively
ditty,
Which Johnny Bull dislikes as "dull and
stupid"—what a pity !
With "Hail Columbia" it is sung, in chorus
full and hearty—
On land and main we breathe the strain John
made for his tea-party.
No matter how we rhyme the words, the music
speaks them handy,

And where's the fair can't sing the air of
Yankee doodle dandy?
Yankee doodle, firm and true—Yankee doodle
dandy—
Yankee doodle, doodle do, Yankee doodle dandy!

XIX.—THE YOUNG BLACKSMITH.

1. The battle of Bennington might have been lost by the Americans if Luke Varnum, the young blacksmith, had not been lame. This is the way Edward Everett Hale tells the story:

2. Luke Varnum was fifteen years old, and he was lame of his left foot. So, when every other boy in Number Five, and every man, old and young, shouldered his firelock and marched off to join General Stark, and go and fight the Hessians at Bennington, Luke was left at home. He limped out and held the stirrup for Lieutenant Chittenden to mount, and then he had to stay at home with the babies and the women.

3. The men had been gone an hour and a half, when three men galloped up on horseback. And Luke went down to the rails to see who they

were. "Is there nobody here?" said one of them. "Yes," said Luke, "I am here." "I see that," said the first man, laughing. "What I mean is, is there nobody here can set a shoe?"

4. "I think I can," said Luke. "I often tend fire for Jonas. I can blow the bellows, and I can hold the horse's foot. Anyway, I will start up the fire."

5. So Luke went into the forge and took down the tinder-box and struck a light. He built the fire, and hunted up half a dozen nails which Jonas had left, and he had even made two more, when a fourth horseman came slowly down on a walk.

6. "What luck," said he, "to find a forge with the fire lighted!" "We found one," said Marvin, "with a boy who knew how to light it." And the other speaker flung himself off his horse in haste.

7. And Luke pared the hoof of the dainty creature, and measured the shoe, which was too big for her. He heated it white, and bent it closer, to the proper size. "It is a poor fit," he said, "but it will do."

8. "It will do very well," said her rider. "But she is very tender-footed, and I do not dare trust her five miles unshod."



9. And, for pride's sake, the first two nails Luke drove were those he had made himself. And when the shoe was fast, he said, "Tell Jonas that I het up the forge—and put on the shoe."

10. "We will tell him," said the colonel, laughing, and he rode on. But one of the other horsemen tarried a minute, and said: "Boy, no ten men who left you to-day have served our country as you have. That is Colonel Warner."

11. When I read in the big books of history how Colonel Warner led up his men just in time to save the day at Bennington, I am apt to think of Luke Varnum, the lame young blacksmith.



XX.—REBECCA THE DRUMMER.

1. It was about nine o'clock in the morning when the ship first appeared. At once there was the greatest excitement at the village. It was a

British war-ship. What would she do? Would she tack about in the bay to pick up stray coasters as prizes, or would she land soldiers to burn the town? In either case there would be trouble enough.

2. Those were sad days, those old war-times in 1812. The sight of a British war-ship in Boston Bay was not pleasant. We were poor then, and had but few vessels able to fight the enemy. Our navy was small, and, though we afterward had the victory, and sent the troublesome ships away never to return, at that time they often came near enough, and the good people in the little village of Scituate Harbor were in great distress over the strange ship that had appeared at the mouth of the harbor.

3. It was a fishing-place in those days, and the harbor was full of smacks and boats of all kinds. The soldiers could easily enter the harbor and burn up everything, and no one could prevent them. There were men enough to make a good fight, but they were poorly armed, and had nothing but fowling-pieces and shot-guns, while the soldiers had muskets and cannon.

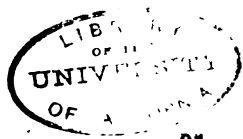
4. The tide was down during the morning, so that there was no danger for a few hours, and all

the people went out on the cliffs and beaches to watch the ships, and see what would happen next.

5. On the end of the low, sandy spit that makes one side of the harbor stood the little white tower known as Scituate Heights. In the house behind the light lived the keeper's family, consisting of himself, wife, and several boys and girls. At the time the ship appeared the keeper was away, and there was no one at home save Mrs. Bates, the eldest daughter Rebecca, about fourteen years old, two of the little boys, and a young girl named Sarah Winsor, who was visiting Rebecca.

6. Rebecca had been the first to discover the ship while she was at the lighthouse tower polishing the reflector. She at once descended the steep stairs, and sent off the boys to the village to give the alarm.

7. For an hour or two the ship tacked and stood off to sea, then tacked again, and made for the shore. Men, women, and children watched her with anxious interest. Then the tide turned, and began to flow into the harbor. The boats aground on the flats floated, and those in deep water swung round at their moorings. Now the soldiers would probably land. If the people meant



to save anything, it was time to be stirring. Boats were hastily put out from the wharf, and such clothing, nets, and other valuables as could be handled were brought ashore, loaded into hay-carts, and carried away.

8. It was of no use to resist. The soldiers, of course, were well armed, and, if the people made a stand among the houses, they would not prevent the enemy from destroying the shipping.

9. As the tide spread out over the sandy flats, it filled the harbor, so that, instead of a small channel, it becomes a wide and beautiful bay. The day was fine, and there was a gentle breeze rippling the water and making it sparkle in the sun. What a splendid day for fishing or sailing! Not much use to think of either while that war-ship crossed and recrossed before the harbor-mouth!

10. About two o'clock the tide reached high-water mark, and, to the dismay of the people, the ship let go her anchor, swung her yards round, and lay quiet about half a mile from the first cliff. They were going to land to burn the town. With their spy-glasses the people could see the boats lowered to take the soldiers ashore.

11. Ah! then there were confusion and uproar.

Every horse in the village was put into some kind of team, and the women and children were hurried off to the woods behind the town. The men would stay and offer as brave a resistance as possible. Their guns were light and poor, but they could use the old fish-houses as a fort, and perhaps make a brave fight of it. If worse came to worse, they could at least retreat and take to the shelter of the woods.

12. It was a splendid sight. Five large boats, manned by sailors, and filled with soldiers in gay red coats. How their guns glittered in the sun! The oars all moved together in regular order, and the officers in their fine uniforms stood up to direct the expedition. It was a courageous company come with a war-ship and cannon to fight helpless fishermen!



An English Grenadier.

13. So Rebecca Bates and Sarah Winsor thought, as they sat up in the lighthouse tower looking down on the procession of boats as it went past the point and entered the harbor. "Oh, if I only were a man!"

cried Rebecca. "What could you do? See what a lot of them, and look at their guns!" "I don't care, I'd fight. I'd use father's old shot-gun—anything. Think of uncle's new boat and the sloop!" "Yes, and all the boats." "Yes; and to think one must sit here and see it all, and not lift a finger to help!"

14. "Do you think there will be a fight?" "I don't know. Father and uncle are in the village, and they will do all they can." "See how still it is in town! There is not a man to be seen." "Oh, they are hiding till the soldiers get nearer. Then we'll hear the shots and the drum."

15. "The drum! How can they? It is here. Father brought it home to mend last night." "Did he? Then let's—" "See! the first boat has reached the sloop. Oh! oh! they are going to burn her." "Where is that drum?" "It's in the kitchen." "I've a great mind to go down and beat it." "What good would that do?" "Scare 'em." "They'd see it was only two girls, and they would laugh, and go on burning just the same." "No; we could hide behind the sand-hills and bushes."

16. The flame from the burning vessel urged them to instant action. No time for further talk.

Down the steep stairs of the tower rushed these two young patriots, bent on doing what they could for their country. They got the drum, and found an old fife in the bureau-drawer, and slipped out-of-doors unnoticed. They must be careful, or the soldiers would see them. They went round back of the house to the north and toward the outside beach, and then turned and plowed through the deep sand just above high-water mark. They must keep out of the sight of the boats, and of the ship also. Luckily, she was anchored to the south of the light, and, as the beach curved to the west, they soon left her out of sight. Then they took to the water-side, and, with the drum between them, ran as fast as they could toward the mainland. Presently they reached the low heaps of sand that showed where the spit joined the fields and woods.

17. Panting with excitement, they tightened up the drum and tried the fife softly. "Come, begin! One, two; one, two!" Drum! drum! drum! Squeak! squeak! squeak! The men in the town heard it, and were amazed beyond measure. Had the soldiers arrived from Boston? What did it mean? Who were coming?

18. Louder and louder on the breeze came the

roll of a sturdy drum and the sound of a brave fife. The soldiers in the boats heard the noise, and paused in their work of destruction. The officers ordered everybody into the boats in the greatest haste. The people were rising! They were coming down the point with cannon to head them off! They would all be captured and perhaps hung by those dreadful Americans. How the drum rolled! The fife changed its tune. It played "Yankee Doodle"—that horrid tune! Hark! the men were cheering in the town; there were thousands of them in the woods along the shore!

19. In grim silence marched the two girls, plodding over the sharp stones, splashing through the puddles, Rebecca beating the old drum with might and main, Sarah blowing the fife with shrill determination.

20. How the Britishers scrambled into their boats! One of the brave officers was nearly left behind on the burning sloop. Another fell overboard in his haste to escape from the American army marching down the beach—a thousand strong! How the sailors pulled! No fancy rowing now, but desperate haste to get out of the place and escape to the ship.

21. How the people yelled and cheered on the shore! Fifty men or more jumped into boats to prepare for the chase. Ringing shots began to crack over the water. Louder and louder rolled the drum, clearer and clearer screamed the fife. Nearly exhausted, half dead with fatigue, the girls toiled on, ready to drop on the wet sand, and still beating and blowing with fiery courage.

22. The boats swept swiftly out of the harbor on the outgoing tide. The fishermen came up with the burning boats. Part stopped to put out the fires, and the rest pursued the flying enemy, with such shots as they could get at them. In the midst of it all the sun went down.

23. The red-coats did not return a shot. They expected every minute to see a thousand men open upon them at short range from the beach, and they reserved their powder.

24. Out of the harbor they went in confusion and dismay. The ship weighed anchor and ran out her big guns, but did not fire a shot. Darkness fell down upon the scene as the boats reached the ship. Then she sent a round shot toward the light. It fell short, and threw a great fountain of white spray into the air.

25. The girls saw it, and, dropping their drum

and fife, sat down on the beach, and laughed until they cried. That night the ship sailed away. The great American army of two had arrived, and she thought it wise to retreat in time! Rebecca lived to a good old age, and, when feeble in body, was brave in spirit and strong in patriotism.

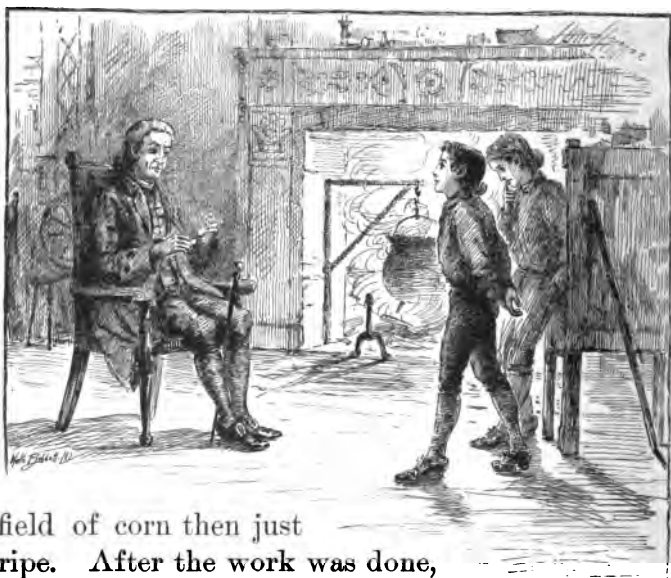
Charles Barnard. From "St. Nicholas."

XXI.—DANIEL WEBSTER AS A BOY.

1. The father of Daniel Webster lived upon a little, rocky farm, in the town of Salisbury, New Hampshire. Here his two sons, Ezekiel and Daniel, lived until they left home for school, and for the practice of law, to which they had devoted themselves. The farm was covered with loose stones, and often, before a crop could be put in, the stones on the surface must be removed; and picking up stones made the back ache so that both of the boys hated it, and made use of all sorts of expedients to avoid it.

2. This hard work also gave them a dislike to all farm-labor, and whenever they could they would slip away and go a-fishing, or engage in some kind of play.

3. One day their father was called away on court duties, to be gone a week. He gave the boys a stint, for the six days' work, to cut up a



field of corn then just ripe. After the work was done, the boys could have the rest of the time for play.

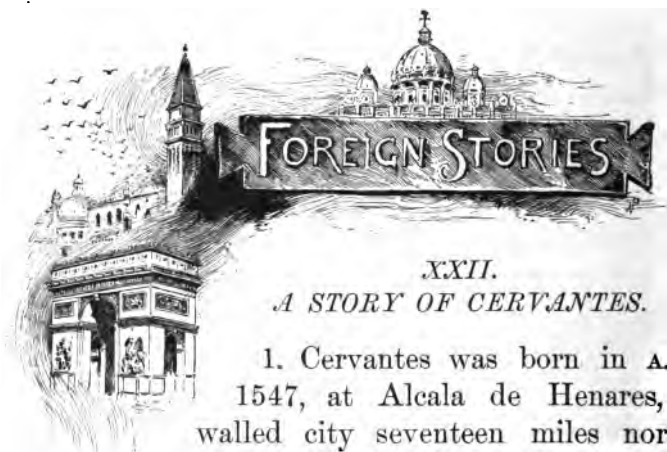
4. The father departed early Monday morning, and after breakfast the boys went out to the corn-field. Then Ezekiel said: "Dan, we can do this work all in three days easily enough; let us play the first three days." "All right," said Dan; and

away they went and played until Wednesday night.

5. On Thursday morning they went again to the field and took a good look at the task before them. Then Ezekiel said: "Dan, we can't do all that work in three days anyway; so let's play the other three days." "I am agreed," said Dan, and the play was continued till Saturday night.

6. When the old gentleman came home, he passed by the field and saw that the work had not been done, and he went into the house with his face like a thunder-cloud. After supper he called up the boys to give an account of themselves. "Ezekiel, what have you been doing?" he said, sternly, as they stood before him. "Nothing, sir!" answered the boy, shaking in his shoes at what he expected would soon come. "Daniel, what have you been doing?" "Helping Zeke!" answered Dan, promptly.

7. Dan's reply was so ready, and he looked so innocent, that the father could not repress a smile, and the boys were let off from the whipping which they so richly deserved. For a long time in the neighborhood, "Helping Zeke," became an expression for laziness and neglect of duty."



1. Cervantes was born in A. D. 1547, at Alcalá de Henares, a walled city seventeen miles north-east from Madrid, on the right bank of the river Henares. He was so anxious to learn that he never passed a scrap of paper, even in the streets, without picking it up and reading whatever was written on it. He delighted in legends, stories of dragons and enchanters, and tales of the old Moorish wars. He loved poetry and plays also.

2. One day, when he was about ten years old, he was absent at dinner-time, which was not usual. Besides, the dinner was really a festive one, and that it was to be so the little fellow knew. First, the soup was uncommonly good, with an extra seasoning of saffron; next there were slices of fresh fish fried in oil, with yolk of eggs; and, lastly, there was asparagus, with rich, red-pep-

pered sausages, and a bottle of Valdepennas wine. "What can have become of Miguel?" asked the mother, over and over again.

3. Just as the family rose from the table, Cervantes came tearing along and burst into the room, exclaiming: "I've seen him! I've seen him! Oh, the wonderful Lope! Oh, the funny Lope!"

4. "The who, child?" asked Madame Cervantes. "Lope de Rueda, mother. He's here, and his men, and all his things. I've seen them, every one of them."

5. "How was it, truly, and where did you go, and what did you see?" asked Roderigo, his elder brother.

6. "Why, I don't know as it was, after all, so very, very grand," replied Miguel. "Lope brought his things in a great sack. He had four white shepherds' jackets, turned up with leather, gilded and stamped, some false beards and hair, some shepherds' crooks, and some black paint."

7. "And where was the theatre?" "Oh, in the court behind the printing-office. They put four benches in a square, and laid five or six boards across them. They then fixed an old blanket on cords for a curtain, and behind that they dressed. The musicians sat there, too, and

sung old ballads, but without any guitar. There are three actors besides Lope and three musicians. May I go again this afternoon, father? Lope asked the people to go home and get their dinner, and come right back again to see another play."

8. The more Miguel went to this fine theatre the more he liked to go, and his mother was glad that Lope stayed only two or three days at a time, and then went away with his jackets, and his beards, and his old blankets, to Madrid and Seville and other towns about.

9. Lope de Rueda founded the national theatre of Spain. He wrote his own plays, and was an excellent actor. Cervantes was always poor, but he was diligent, cheerful, and generous. He became famous as a writer of plays and stories; but his greatest book is "Don Quixote," which you will read when you are older. He died A. D. 1616. No monument was raised to his memory until 1835, when a bronze statue of him, larger than life, was set up in Madrid.

Martha G. Sleeper. "Pictures of the History of Spain."

XXIII.—THE BOY WHO TOOK A BOARDER.

1. Once on a time, about two hundred and fifty years ago, a little boy stood, one morning, at the door of a palace in Florence and looked about him. Why he was standing there, I do not know. Perhaps he was watching for the butcher or the milkman, for he was a kitchen-boy in the house-hotel of a rich and mighty cardinal. He was twelve years old, and his name was Thomas.

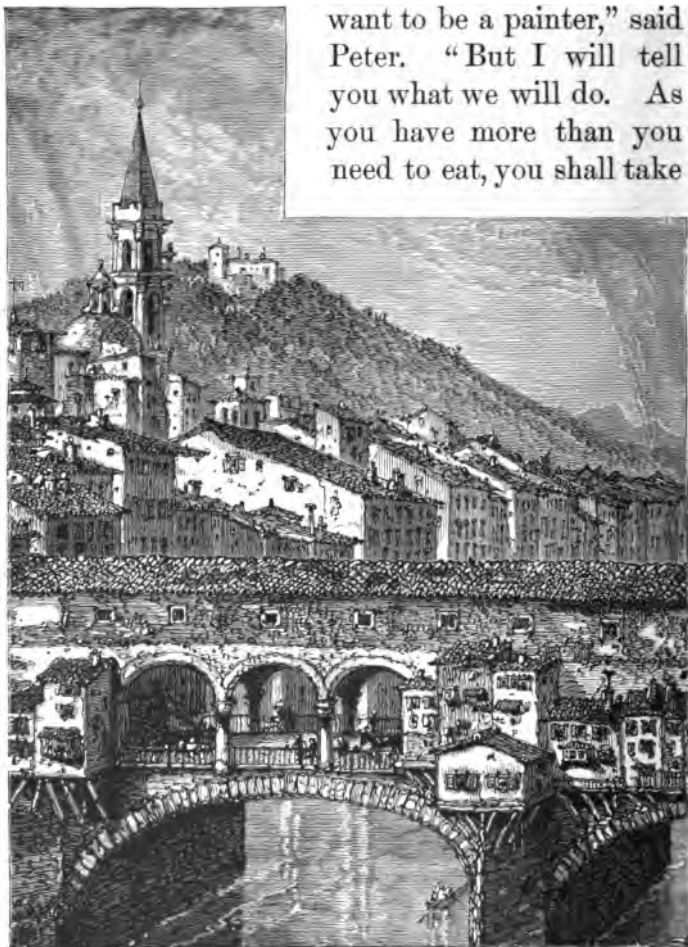
2. Suddenly he felt a tap on his shoulder which made him turn round and exclaim: "What! is that you, Peter? What has brought you to Florence, and how are all the people in Cortona?"

3. "They are all well," answered Peter, who likewise was a boy of twelve. "But I've left them for good. I'm tired of taking care of sheep. I want to be a painter. I've come to Florence to learn how. They say there's a school here where they teach people."

4. "But have you any money?" asked Thomas. "Not a penny," said Peter. "Then you can't be a painter. You had much better take service in the kitchen with me, here in the palace; you will be sure of not starving to death," said Thomas.

5. "I don't want to take service, because I

want to be a painter," said Peter. "But I will tell you what we will do. As you have more than you need to eat, you shall take



Florence from the Uffizi Palace.

me to board, on trust at first, and when I'm a grown-up painter I will pay you."

6. "I think," said Thomas, "that I can manage it; come up-stairs to the garret, where I sleep, and I'll bring you some dinner by-and-by."

7. So the two boys went up to the little room among the chimney-pots, where Thomas slept. It was very, very small, and all the furniture in it was an old straw bed and two rickety chairs. But the walls were covered with a smooth white plaster.

8. The food was good and plentiful, for, when Thomas went down into the kitchen, he found half of a fine mutton-pie which had been thrown out.

9. After dinner Peter was ready to commence work, but had no paints nor brushes, and Thomas had no money to buy them.

10. At last the smooth, white wall suggested itself to Peter, and, with a charcoal brought up from the kitchen, he commenced to draw upon it. In the course of a few weeks he had covered the entire surface with a great variety of beautiful designs.

11. At last, one happy day Thomas came in possession of a piece of silver money, which he at once paid out for pencils and paper for Peter. Then the young artist changed his life a little.



Street Scene in Florence.

He went out early every morning and wandered about Florence, and drew everything that attracted his attention. In this way he came in possession of the pictures of churches, the fronts of palaces, the statues in the public squares, and of the hills beyond the Arno. Then, when it became too dark to work any longer, Peter would go home to his boarding-house and find his dinner all nicely tucked away under the old straw bed to keep it warm.

12. Things went on in this way for nearly two years. None of the servants knew that Thomas kept a boarder. The cook used to remark that Thomas ate a good deal for a lad of his size, but he didn't seem to grow much.

13. One day the cardinal set about making repairs upon his palace. He went over the house in company with an architect, and while in the attic he went into the lodging-room of the two boys.

14. Here he saw the fine pictures on the walls drawn in charcoal. "Who occupies this room?" he demanded. "The kitchen-boy, Thomas, your Eminence." "Call the kitchen-boy here, then."

15. Thomas came up with fear and trembling. He had never been in the mighty cardinal's presence before. He looked at the drawings, and his

heart sank within him. He fell on his knees and begged that he might remain. "But," said the cardinal, "the boy who can draw these pictures is an artist, he should not stay in the kitchen."

16. "Oh! I did not make the pictures; it was Peter who did that." "But, who is Peter?" said the cardinal. "He is my old play-mate from Cortona, who came to me when his father and mother died." "Where is he now?" "Out in the streets studying and drawing," answered Thomas. "Send him to me as soon as he returns," said his Eminence, as he left the room.

17. But, strange to say, that night Peter did not return. One week, two weeks went by, and still nothing was heard of him. At the end of that time the cardinal made a search for him, and found him in a convent.

18. It seems he found one of Raffaele's pictures there, and asked permission to copy it. The monks, charmed by the simplicity and talent displayed by the little artist, readily consented, and while at work they invited him to eat at their table and to sleep in one of their apartments.

19. The cardinal found Peter a cheerful and happy little boy, resolved to become a painter. He sent him to the best schools of Florence, where

art was taught, and Thomas was sent to a school of another character, and afterward became the personal attendant of the cardinal while he lived.

20. Fifty years later two old men lived together in one of the most beautiful houses in Florence. They were the two boys whose friendship had never ceased, and Peter was the most noted artist of his age. Their lives were beautiful.

Charlotte Adams. From "St. Nicholas."

XXIV.—COLUMBUS AT THE CONVENT.

1. Dreary and brown the night comes down,
Gloomy, without a star.
On Palos town the night comes down ;
The day departs with stormy frown ;
The sad sea moans afar.
2. A convent-gate is near ; 'tis late ;
Ting-ling ! the bell they ring.
They ring the bell, they ask for bread—
"Just for my child," the father said.
Kind hands the bread will bring.



3. White was his hair,
his mien was fair,
His look was calm
and great.

The porter ran and called a friar ;
The friar made haste and told the prior ;
The prior came to the gate.

4. He took them in, he gave them food ;
The traveler's dreams he heard ;

And fast the midnight moments flew,
And fast the good man's wonder grew,
And all his heart was stirred.

5. The child the while, with soft, sweet smile,
Forgetful of all sorrow,
Lay soundly sleeping in his bed.
The good man kissed him then, and said :
" You leave us not to-morrow !

6. " I pray you, rest the convent's guest ;
This child shall be our own—
A precious care, while you prepare
Your business with the court, and bear
Your message to the throne."

7. And so his guest he comforted.
O wise, good prior ! to you,
Who cheered the stranger's darkest days,
And helped him on his way, what praise
And gratitude are due !

J. T. Trowbridge.



XXV.—THE ANGEL OF THE CAMP.

1. Far away in distant Switzerland, many years ago, the setting sun was shining on the small fortress of Ermatingen. Sentinels paced the walls, and warders looked out from the towers; but the other soldiers sought their own pleasure.

2. Some were wrestling or leaping in the court, some were making snow-shoes, some cleaning their armor. Here and there a group of men were making a supper of black bread, wine, and smoked venison. A few were listening to a song which the harper called the "Lay of the Lily."

3. A little apart from the rest, a father and child sat together. Before them, on a huge block of wood, was a small silver cup partly filled with goat's milk, a silver plate with a few crumbs of white bread upon it, and the remains of a much humbler supper in a tin can or flagon, and a wooden bowl.

4. Little Misa Saulptien was never long absent from her father. In times of peace she was always seen trudging beside him to church and market. She helped him to sow the grain, to weed the garden, and to keep off the birds. When dan-

ger to Switzerland called him to the camp, she was still at his side.

5. In summer nights, when he kept guard on the wall, she slept within his watch. When the soldiers were sick or wounded, it was Misa who brought cold water for the parched lip, who bathed the fevered brow. Many were the messages which she carried to the families at home from their loved ones on the battle-field. She was so gentle and so brave that her father's comrades called her the "Angel of the Camp," and the rudest among them would have risked his life for her.

6. The shadiest nook in summer, the warmest spot in winter, were always hers. The priest gave her his blessing as he passed by, and every one had for her a kind word.

7. When Misa had finished her meal, she seated herself on her father's knee, and gravely darned his tunic, while he told her stories of his boyhood. By and by the soldiers one, by one, went off to sleep, wrapped in skins of bear or wolf, or in thick blankets. Misa and her father withdrew to a deep recess in the wall near the huge chimney, before which a curtain was drawn, and quickly fell asleep on a bed of mountain moss.

8. The first watch had not quite passed, and

all but the sentinels were buried in sound slumber. It was very dark. A strong wind had sprung up, which roared among the pines, and brought with it the sound of far-off cataracts plunging and leaping among the cliffs. Silently the Austrians drew near. Silently they placed scaling-ladders against the walls. Stealthily they mounted one by one. The sentinels were overpowered, without alarming the garrison. Not till the enemy filled the courts did the Swiss awaken. There was a few minutes of fierce fighting, and all was over. The Austrians had captured the fortress.

9. John Saulptien, when awakened, snatched up his child, threw a blanket around her, and, fighting his way to a gate which had been opened by the Austrians, bade her flee for her life. Misa had not been quite undressed, and had hurried on her thick stockings and wooden shoes at the first sound ; so, with the blanket around her, she did not care for the snow. Fortunately, the tempest was soon over. She was not afraid of the midnight or the forest. On, on she sped, her little feet scarcely touching the frozen path. If she could but reach the village, she thought, her father might be saved. On, on she went through

the gloom, the bitter cold, the fearful loneliness—on, on!

10. And she did reach the village. Going as near the gate as possible, she called, "Watchman, let me in!"

11. "Who speaks?" asked the watchman, stooping down to catch the soft, young voice which came up.

12. "It is I, Misa Saulptien, good Ambrose. Please let me in."

13. "Misa Saulptien!" he repeated, still lingering, for these were dangerous times, and he feared treachery. "Are you alone? How came you here at this time of night?"

14. "I am all alone. The cruel Austrians have broken into the fortress, and are killing everybody. Oh, do let me in! I am freezing."

15. The captain of the guard at the gate knew Misa's voice, and ordered the gate to be opened. "Carefully, carefully," he said—"only a little way."

16. It was done, and poor Misa was drawn in. Before she had finished telling even the little that she knew, the alarm-bell was ringing, lights were gleaming from the windows, and people were flocking round with eager questions. Misa's voice

grew faint, however, and they took her into the nearest house, rubbed her weary limbs till they were warm, gave her a nice bath, and then made her swallow some warm drink, into which they put a sleeping powder. She tossed and moaned for a time, then she slept quietly till noon the next day.

17. Meantime stout Thomas Pregall, Rusca Lambra, and Orelli, mounted on horseback, and went forth to warn the neighboring villages.

18. The story rang like a trumpet-call over the hills and through the valleys. It echoed from the mountains. It was borne over bright lakes and broad rivers. Two thousand Swiss hastily collected and marched to the wood of Schwaderlochs. They feared nothing, although eighteen thousand of the enemy lay there! "Remember Ermatingen!" sounded from wing to wing. Countless were the deeds of valor done. More than one Switzer matched himself with thirty Austrians. At length, driven slowly but surely from every position, shot down, struck down, hewn down, the Austrians turned and fled. The city gates of Constance were not wide enough for the fugitives. Within eight months the Swiss were victorious in as many battles. Maximilian, the German emperor, was at

last willing to conclude a peace, which he did at Basle, September 22, A. D. 1499.

Martha G. Sleeper. Adapted from "True Stories from the History of the Swiss."

XXVI.—A NIGHT IN THE SNOW.

1. In Norway and Sweden the winters are very cold, and the ground is covered deep with snow, which often is blown into great heaps or drifts. People live on farms or in small villages, which are far apart, and when the snow is on the ground there is little traveling on account of the drifts. At stations along the principal roads horses are kept for travelers, and guides are ready to drive from one post to another. Even little boys learn to drive, and become safe guides. Bayard Taylor, while traveling through this country in winter, came to a station quite late in the afternoon, and found the station-master gone. The only one to drive the horse through the cold night was Lars, the son of the station-master, a boy about twelve years old.

2. Mr. Taylor says: "His face was rosy, his eyes clear and round and blue, and his golden

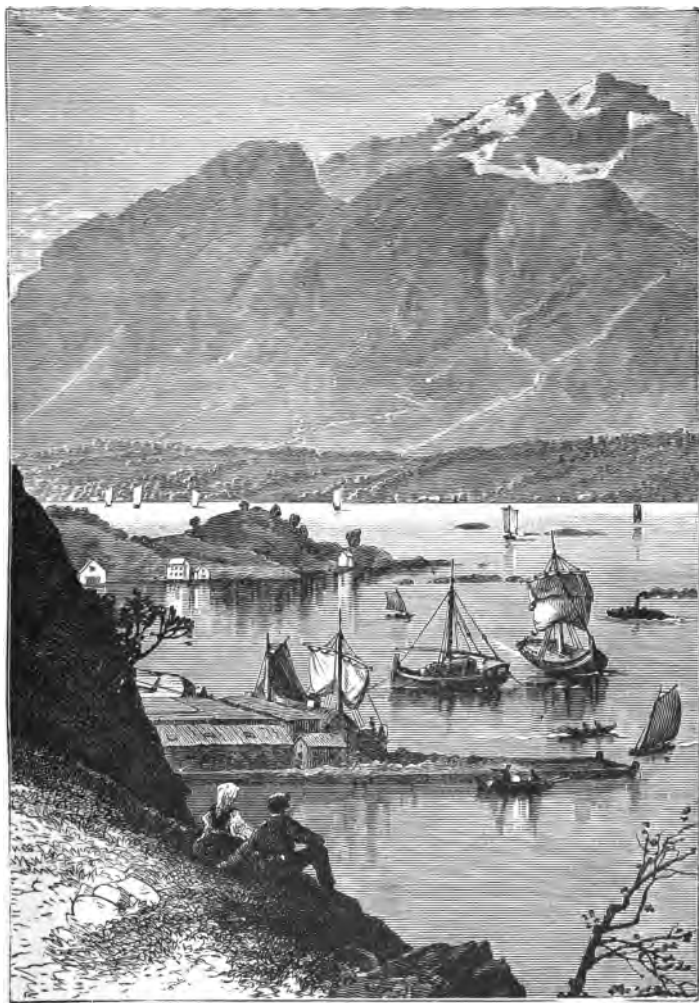
hair was blown back from his face in silky curls. 'Come here, Lars,' I said. 'Are you not afraid to go so far to-night?' His mother said: 'You need not fear, sir; Lars is young, but he will take you safe enough.'

3. "The boy put on a sheep-skin overcoat, tied the lappets of his fur cap under his chin, and a thick woolen scarf around his head and face, so that only his round eyes were visible, and was ready to start. He had filled the sled with fresh, soft hay, and spread reindeer-skins over us as we cuddled together on the narrow seat.

4. "The night was dark, the snow blew, and the fir-trees roared all around us. Lars knew the way, and kept the beaten track. So we went on, up hill and down, for a long time, and I began to grow very chilly, when Lars handed me the reins, and began to beat his hands to keep the blood flowing.

5. "The wind blew harder every minute, and at last, in the darkness, Lars missed the road, the horse sinking into the deep snow. Lars got out and tried to find the path again, but he soon came back and said, 'I can not find the road, and I think we must stay here all night.'

6. "'We shall freeze to death in an hour!' I



Scene in Norway.

cried. I was already chilled to the bone. The wind had made me very drowsy, and I knew if I slept I should soon be frozen.

7. "‘Oh, no!’" said little Lars, 'we north people never freeze. I went to the bear-hunt last winter, and we were out several nights in the snow.' 'What will you do?' said I. 'Let me take care of the pony first,' said Lars; 'we can spare him some hay and one reindeer-skin.'

8. "We then unharnessed the horse, and Lars led him under the drooping branches of a fir-tree, tied him to one of them, gave him an armful of hay, and covered him with the reindeer-skin.

9. "When this was done, Lars spread the rest of the hay evenly over the bottom of the sled and covered it with the skins, which he tucked in very closely on the side toward the wind. Then lifting them on the other side he said, 'Now take off your fur coat quick, lay it over the hay, and creep under it.'

10. "I obeyed as soon as possible. For an instant my teeth chattered in the icy air, but the next moment I was under the robe and out of reach of the storm. Lars then took off his coat and crept in beside me. We then drew down the skins and pressed the hay against them so that no

air could get in. Then Lars said we must pull off our boots and loosen our clothes so they would not feel tight anywhere. When this was done, we lay close together, warming each other. In a short time the chill passed away, and I lay as snugly as in the best bed. In five minutes we were asleep.

11. "I did not wake during the night, and Lars slept equally sound. I was aroused by the cold wind striking my face, and I found Lars peeping out from under the skins. 'I think it must be near six o'clock,' he said; 'the sky is clear, and I can see the big star. We can start in another hour.'

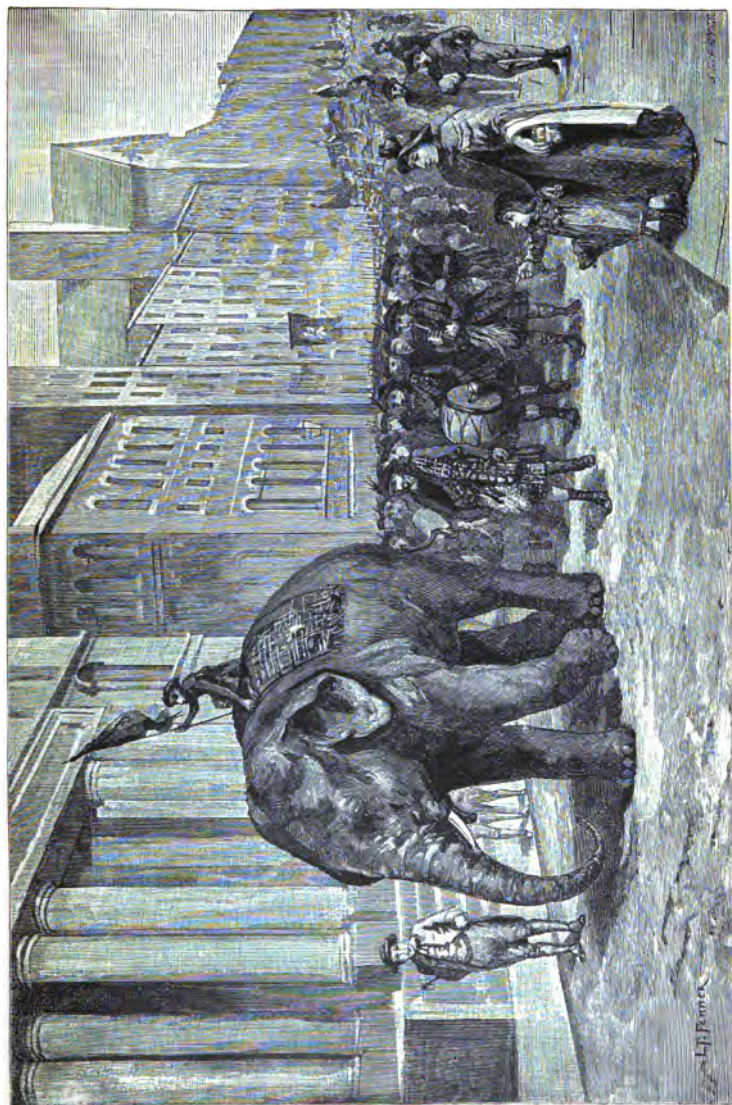
12. "While we were talking, we heard shouts and the crack of whips, and we found the farmers had come out with six pairs of horses and a great snow-plow to clear the road. This opened the way, and in about an hour we reached the station, where a good fire and a warm breakfast were ready for us. Here I parted from the little boy who had showed such courage and patience during the dreary night in the snow, and I felt like parting from an old and tried friend."

XXVII.—AN OLD VETERAN.

1. You have all read stories of wonderful dogs, horses, and elephants, and perhaps you know that the elephant is a very wise animal—a noted French writer says, the wisest. I want to tell you a true story about a big fellow who came from India, and who was called “Re.” This was about the year 1815; if he were living now, he would be at least one hundred years old. An old Scotch gentleman told me this story, and I will give it to you in his own words:

2. “When my father was stationed at Fort George, Scotland, with his company of the Royal Artillery, the Seventy-eighth Mackenzie Highlanders arrived from Burmah, exchanging with the Eighteenth Royal Irish. I was a little fellow at the time, but recollect the circumstance as well as if it happened a week ago. When the regiment appeared, marching through the gates of the garrison, a large and powerful elephant was at their head and before the band, with a monkey sitting on his head, both clothed with the Mackenzie tartan—the tartan of the regiment.

3. “When the command was given to ‘Halt! Front!’ the elephant was in position as quickly



as the regiment, the monkey capering on his back.

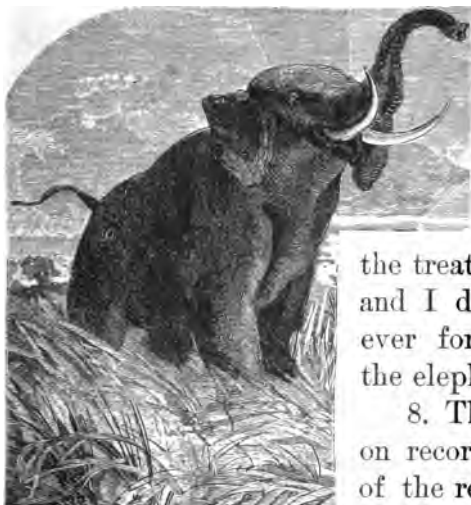
4. "On every occasion of the regiment turning out, Re was in his place.

5. "The elephant would go through the ordinary drill as well as the men, whether it was 'Right face!' 'Right about face!' 'Right- or left-wheel.' 'Front!' 'Mark time.' 'March!'—the large drum giving the tap. The elephant stepped out in front of the band always; and the monkey would get up on his back as quickly as the word 'March!' was given.

6. "When the regiment came to a halt and rest, when marching about the wild country, Re would saunter about the men."

7. It is about this same elephant that the story is told of his going about through the streets of Edinburgh, and, as old Re was well known in the city, even to little children, no one was frightened when they saw him marching along, and often gave him things to eat—ginger nuts, sugar, or whatever they had that they thought he would like. But one day he met with a very different reception from what he was used to. He was passing where a tailor was sitting at his bench, stitching away on some cloth. He probably said, "Come here, Re,

old fellow, and I'll give you something nice," for Master Elephant put out his trunk; but, instead of a lump of sugar, the tailor gave him a stab with his needle. Now, Re was quite big enough to pick up the tailor and carry him off, or stamp on him; but, instead of that, he did what might be called "paying him off in the same coin," for he went to a place where there was some dirty water, and filling his trunk full of it, marched back to Mr. Tailor's house, and, when opposite to his bench, sent all the water he had in his trunk over the man. Can't you imagine how surprised the man



must have been to receive such a water-spout over him? I'm sure he did not like

the treatment very well, and I don't believe he ever forgot the lesson the elephant gave him.

8. This incident is on record in the books of the regiment.



.XXVIII.—A SNOW-KING.

1. Casper was his name. He lived on a very high mountain—so high that his home was almost in the region of eternal snow. Indeed, he could almost always find snow six or seven feet deep without going far from the door. But Casper did not care particularly for such snow. He was used to it.

2. It was only when the great storms came, and the snow-drifts piled up forty feet high against the walls of the old house, and the snow-flakes fell and fell and fell, as if they would never stop until they had filled up all the valleys with their powdery whiteness, that Casper felt at all anxious about the depth of snow.

3. At such times, however, he was very apt to put himself to a great deal of trouble and anxiety about the snow. He didn't mind snow-storms himself, because he was a snow-king; but

there were people who did mind them, and it was about these people that he concerned himself.

4. Casper was a dog, and he lived with the monks in the monastery of St. Bernard, far up on the Alps—the very highest dwelling in that great range of mountains. You have heard of these great St. Bernard dogs; but if you have never seen Casper you can have no idea how grand a dog can be—that is, if he happen to be a snow-king.

5. And Casper was a king of the snow, every inch of him. Sometimes, when the skies were tolerably clear, and here and there there was a little sunshine on the hardy grasses that grew about the rocks of the monastery, when the snow was good enough to give them a chance to show themselves, Casper would trot around very much like an ordinary dog, and lie down and take a comfortable nap in a sunny spot among the shadows of the grand old Alps, as quietly as if he had never heard of glaciers and avalanches, and had never thought of such a thing as people perishing in the snow.

6. Now, Casper was not a very old dog, and he had already saved two lives. And yet he was not proud—or, at any rate, he did not show it. In fact, if you had seen him jogging around the

monastery, you might never have thought that he was a king of any kind—much less such an important monarch as a snow-king. For almost any intelligent person might make a pretty good king of the ordinary kind, but kings of the snow are very scarce indeed.

7. One day it began to snow, early in the morning, up on the mountains. It did not snow very hard at first, but people who were weather-wise thought there would be quite a storm after a while. As the day wore on, it became colder and colder, and the wind began to freeze the snow-flakes into little icy lumps, and it hurled them like showers of bullets across the valleys and over the mountain-peaks.

8. Although the wind roared sometimes round the craggy corners, and showers of icy shot would now and then rattle against some frozen crusts of snow, the mountains seemed quiet and certainly they were desolate. Up on the mountain-side lay vast masses of snow and ice that were growing heavier and heavier as the snow fell faster and faster. These were all ready to come thundering and crashing down into the valley below, and seemed only waiting for the signal to begin their mad rush down the mountain-side.

9. For when these great masses of snow and ice are piled up in this way in the Alps, it often requires but a very little thing to start them off. Sometimes a loud word, or the breaking of a stick, or a heavy footstep, will jar the air or snow sufficiently to send an avalanche on its way. It would hardly be supposed that on such a day as this any one would be out-of-doors; but, notwithstanding the bad weather and the promise of worse weather to come, on that afternoon there were five persons toiling up the road toward the monastery.

10. Four of these were men, and one was a boy about fourteen years old. His name was Paolo Vennatti, and he lived down the mountain-side some miles below the place where we find him on this snowy afternoon. For a day or two, Paolo had been very anxious about the fate of a stray goat which he believed could be found up the mountain, and probably at or near the monastery of St. Bernard. So when that afternoon four men stopped at Paolo's home to rest a little before continuing their journey over the Alps, by the way of the St. Bernard Pass, the boy determined to go with them as far as the monastery.

11. He did not say anything to his parents about his plan, for he had heard his father tell the men that it would be foolhardy to attempt to cross the mountains that day, when it was not only snowing, but the wind was blowing at such a terrific rate that it would be certain to start an avalanche somewhere on the road.

12. "And you know well enough that it doesn't need much of a wind to start an avalanche," said Paolo's mother. "But the wind's been blowing all the morning and half the night," said one of the men; "and, if there were any avalanches to start, they would be on their way before this."

13. So the four men started off just after dinner, and Paolo slipped out after them and joined them when they had got out of sight of the house. One of the men wanted him to go back, but the others said that he might as well come if he chose—it wasn't snowing so very hard, and, if he wanted to find his goat as much as he said he did, there was no reason why he should not try to do it.

14. So they all trudged on, and nothing of any importance happened for an hour. They did not have much difficulty in making their way, for

the snow-storm seemed to be decreasing, and the wind was certainly going down. But all of a sudden something very astonishing happened.

15. A violent gust of wind seemed to leap from around the corner of a tall mass of rock and crags, and in its arms it carried a vast cloud of snow, which it raised in the air and hurled down upon our travelers, who were instantly buried from sight. This was one of the terrible whirlwinds which often occur in the Alps, when great volumes of newly fallen snow are carried through the air and thrown here or there in masses many feet in depth.

16. It was as sudden as a flash of lightning. One moment Paolo was walking cheerfully along the road, and in the next he was buried deep under an immense heap of snow! For a moment he did not know what had happened—it seemed as if he had been struck blind. He was not hurt, but the world had suddenly disappeared from his sight.

17. It was not long, however, before he knew what had happened. There was snow above and below him—snow in his eyes, snow in his ears and nose and mouth. He could not get up because there was snow on top of him, and, when

he tried to get his legs under him, he could find no support for his feet, for there was nothing but soft snow beneath him. He could breathe, but that was about all he could do.

18. Paolo soon felt himself sinking lower and lower in the soft snow. He tried again to get his feet straight down under him, and this time they touched something hard. He knew then that he stood on the ground. He had no idea how much snow was piled up over him, nor did he think much about it. Now that he could get his feet on something firm, all that he thought of was to push or scratch himself out of that bed of snow just as fast as he could. He thrust his feet against the ground ; he leaned forward and scratched and dug with his hands and arms like a little terrier after a rat. He kicked, and rolled, and pushed, and dug, and sputtered snow out of his mouth, and so scratched his way along for several yards. Then he suddenly stumbled out into the open air, and went plump down a precipice !

19. He did not know how far he fell, but he knew that he went back-foremost into a bed of snow with a crust on it, through which he broke with a gentle crunch, as when you throw a stone through a pane of glass. The snow under the

crust was not very hard, and his fall only jarred him a little. And yet the snow was packed hard enough to give him a chance to crawl out of the hole he had made and to look around him.

20. He found that he was on an old bed of snow that lay on a ledge twenty feet below the road, and from which the fresh snow had been blown. The mass of snow which had overwhelmed him and his companions he could see piled up on the road above him. If another gust of wind should come around that corner, it might be blown down upon him and cover him again.

21. So he hurriedly scrambled to his feet and tried to get away from under that steep precipice with its great cap of snow. But he could not go very far. The crust broke beneath him very often; there were hollow places filled with new snow, through which he could scarcely push his way; it was snowing faster and faster, and he was very cold. He could not climb up to the road, and, if he could have done so, there was that great mass of snow out of which he had been glad to get. He did not know what to do; so he sat down.

22. Then he drew up his knees and tried to get warm, and think. He could not get warm,

but he could think very easily. He thought about his parents, and what a wretch he was to come away from them as he had done. What was a goat, after all, that he should risk his life for it? And yet he did not know, when he started, that he was risking his life; though that was no matter now, for he had done it, and there was no going back. Here he was, alone in the midst of the great Alps. It was dreadfully solemn and cold. The air was full of the smell of snow—snow beneath him and all around him.

23. Above him, too; for it was falling on him until he looked like a little snow-boy as he sat there drawn up in a bunch. He did not expect any help now. He knew the Alps too well to suppose, even if his companions had succeeded in getting out of that snow-drift, that they could find him where he was. He could not shout. His lips and tongue seemed frozen stiff. He could not see very far.

24. He began to feel a little warmer now, and drowsy. He knew that, if he went to sleep, he would never wake again. But he did not care; he might as well be comfortable. And there was nobody on earth who could save him. If any-

body came to him there, he would die too! The best thing he could do would be to go to sleep. In all the whole world there was no one who could save this poor boy—that is, if you did not count in Casper, the snow-king. He could do it, and he did do it.

25. Right through the snow-storm came that great beast! Rushing over the frozen crust, plunging through the deep places; bounding, leaping, caring not for drift or storm, like a snow-king as he was, came Casper! He made one dash at Paolo and rolled him over in the snow. Then he barked at him, as much as to say: "Wake up, you foolish boy! Don't you know I'm here? It's all right now."

26. He pushed Paolo first on one side and then on the other, and, when he had made him open his eyes and stare about him, the great Casper barked again in his loudest, freest tones. A snow-storm didn't interfere with *his* voice. Again and again he barked, as if he were shouting: "Hello-o! I've found him! Here he is!"

27. Casper had not barked very long before two men came toiling through the storm. One was a St. Bernard monk, and the other was one of the men with whom Paolo had started out in

the morning. These two took the boy by the arms and raised him up. They shook him, and they made him drink a little brandy that the monk had with him, and then they led him away between them. Casper went ahead, so that it should be all right. They walked back with great difficulty by the way they had come, and soon reached a place where the road could be regained, at a point some distance beyond the snow-drift. Then they pressed on to the convent.

28. The four men had been overwhelmed by the snow-drift, but, as they were considerably in advance of Paolo, the greater part of the mass of fresh snow seemed to pass over them and hurl itself on the boy. After some struggling, the men got out of the deep snow. They missed the boy, but could not tell how to look for him or save him. If they stopped, they were afraid they would perish themselves. So they hurried on, and before they had gone very far they met Casper and two of the St. Bernard monks. They told their story, and one of the monks, with the dog, started down the mountain. He thought the boy might be saved. The youngest of the four men thought he would go too. It was a shame to desert the poor boy so!

29. As they hurried along, the man said, "If the snow-drift is still there, we shall never be able to get around it or into it to find the boy." "Casper will attend to that," said the monk. He believed in Casper. And, when the dog reached the snow-drift, he did not try to go through it. He had more sense than that. He stopped; he seemed to be considering the matter.

30. Then he turned around and ran back. The monk and the other man waited to see what he would do. When Casper reached a place where the bank was low, he leaped down from the road and kept on down the mountain. His idea was to go around the snow-drift. Suddenly he stopped and glared through the falling snow-flakes that went whirling this way and that by the wind. He saw something. The men, who were following at a distance, could only see a little way through the storm.

31. Then, with a sudden bark, Casper rushed over the frozen crusts and plunged through the deep places, bounding and leaping, caring not for drift or storm, until he found the boy!

32. For he was a snow-king.

Frank R. Stockton. From "St. Nicholas."



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